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Vol. I.

Dialogues of Lucian.

From the Greek.

Second Edition.

London, Printed in the Year 1774.

for W. Flexney Holborn

TO
THE MEMORY
OF
GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON,
AND TO
THE CANDOUR OF THE PUBLICK,
THIS SECOND EDITION OF
THE FIRST VOLUME OF
AN ATTEMPT TO TRANSLATE LUCIAN,
IS DEDICATED
WITH DEFERENCE AND GRATITUDE.

That fire of Genius can be brought
To kindle only where it ought,
With virtue nobly can conform,
Nor, wild with power, impede a worm;
When will this futile age afford
A proof like thee, lamented Lord?

PREFACE.

FROM what little I have been able to conjecture of the ſpirit of thoſe who ſit in judgment on authors, I am induced to believe, that humble ſupplications avail but little. The ingenuous require no ſoothing, and nothing could ſoften the hard heart of ſupercilious ſeverity. My few friends, who will read this tranſlation, are not likely to be biaſſed by any unfair repreſentation of it; and, if it is decried with juſtice, I ſhall complain of nothing ſo much as my own folly. I only beg of the wanton talkers, who have more wit than they know what to do with, that they will be graciouſly pleaſed to recollect the remonſtrance of Æſop's frogs. Before they beſtow thoſe angry appellations on dulneſs, which are only due to vice, it might not be altogether amiſs, if they were to conſider their duty towards their neighbour. The moſt inveterate ſcribbler, who means no

harm, is not the worſt character in a community. And mediocrity, one would think, need not appear ſo abominable in the eyes of ſtupidity.

But it is difficult for a man to be convinced to his ſatisfaction of his own ſcanty intellect, and various are the methods made uſe of to ſhift the imputation to another. When, with an air of falſe modeſty, he affects to think himſelf nothing at all, how little does he wiſh to be believed! when ſcorn has found ſome other object, glad to be ſafe himſelf, with hoſtile joy he eyes the victim —

quæ ſibi quiſque timebat,
Unius in miſeri exitium converſa tulere.

Claiming the privilege of being tried by my peers, I beg leave to except againſt the following perſons as incompetent: thoſe who read intending to be angry, thoſe who read expecting to be pleaſed, and thoſe who cannot read at all. To exhibit a tranſlation, that ſhall in any degree reſemble an original, is not ſo very eaſy as ſeveral perſons, who have never tried, may imagine. In order to make a compariſon,

it

it will be very uſeful to underſtand ſomething of each language. I will put the caſe, O gentle cenſor, to thy conſcience. If, when thou openeſt thine eyes upon Lucian, thy prevailing idea be that of crabbed Greek, be aſſured of thy fallibility in this matter. Get more ſtrength, and thou wilt learn forgiveneſs.

To mention one's own tranſgreſſion affords but little delight. But the reader would find out mine without any aſſiſtance, and I will be beforehand with him. Having been inſtructed in the laws of tranſlation, it would be in vain to deny the preſumption of wilful infringement. To preſerve the ſenſe and ſpirit and turn and temper and wit and genius of an ancient author, a tranſlator ſhould poſſeſs them all himſelf. He may ſpeak a different language, and live in a different age; but little more abatement will be made him. This is the law. But where are ſuch tranſlators to be found? After Dryden and a few others, what man of genius will put on painful ſhackles, and tamely ſit down to tranſlate? who that can be original will be contented with imitation; and eſpecially when imitation is ſo very imperfect?

For after all that can be done, whoever deſires to be well acquainted with an ancient author, muſt take the trouble of learning his language [*b*]. He will then allow of originals and tranſlations, as of family quarrels, that there may be faults on both ſides.

There is a tranſlation of Lucian, which is commonly called Dryden's, perhaps from a ſenſe of juſtice to ſome bookſeller, who had paid a ſum of money, that it might be called ſo. "Unhappy Dryden!"

The tranſlation by Mr. Francis Hickes appears, by the language, to have been made about the beginning of the laſt century. At leaſt it was before that of Jaſper Mayne, done in 1638, and publiſhed in 1664. Their tranſlations taken together extend to only a ſmall part of Lucian. In his dedication to the Marquis of Newcaſtle, Dr. Mayne complains bitterly of perſons who "do defile the Engliſh

[*b*] If, after being charmed with the beauties of Pope's Homer, a perſon ſhould make himſelf maſter of the original, how would he be ſurpriſed,

"To ſee
How all things differ, where they all agree!"

tongue

tongue with *republick* words." The diction, which then prevailed, might very well provoke the good Doctor to differ from Longinus and others, in his opinion concerning the rise of eloquence.

Spence, according to Lord Dorset, "was so cunning a translator, that a man must read the original to understand the version." Mr. Spence's wit has but little of the Attick elegance of Lucian, but a great deal of the facetious [c] Mr. Punch.

These are all the English translations of Lucian, that I have seen. That of D'Ablancourt into French has been the most read. Though Lucian was no niggard of his speech, Monsieur D'Ablancourt found him unlike a Frenchman, and new-modelled him accordingly. Spence's

[c] He wanted to be thought *comical*, which was the character Eunapius had given his author. Λουκιανος δε εκ Σαμοσατων ανηρ σπουδαιος ες το γελασθηναι. Phœdrus, who was a translator very different from Mr. Spence, intended the same effect. "Duplex libelli dos est, quod risum movet." In former days the risible muscles must have been moved by a very light touch. A sober Englishman would stare to see a reader laugh at Æsop's fables, and think him almost as strange a fellow as Æsop himself.

Engliſh is nothing more than an aukward copy of D'Ablancourt's French.

The pieces in this volume do not follow one another in the ſame order as in the original. Had I begun tranſlating with an intention of going through the whole of Lucian's works, I might probably have obſerved the common order; though with no other reaſon than the uſage of Editors. But no man will wiſh to tranſlate the [d] whole of Lucian, who thinks the world already bad enough, and, though he cannot make it better, does not deſire to make it worſe.

The Editors of other trifles may have been miſled by learned adviſers. Unfortunately for me, my errors are all my own. I make no part of a little knot of little authors, who, joining their ſtock together, launch into the deep on a broader bottom. My conſolation is that of the ſingle adventurer, whoſe good or bad ſucceſs affects only himſelf. No "frowning judge" can bring my friends to ſhame. And

[d] Duplex omnino eſt jocandi genus. Cicero de Off. lib. i. To humble the pride of genius, fine ſenſe and folly have been ſeen together in every age.

if,

if, in the wonderful variety of every day's incidents, ſome ſcattered particle of praiſe ſhould be blown in my way, I will gather it up as clean as I can, and greedily devour it, without aſking [e] queſtions.

I hope no enquiry will be made into the motives of this undertaking, of which I confeſs myſelf unable to give any ſatisfactory account. The advertiſer of a new Magazine had the kindneſs to offer "a work much wanted." The world may be in need of a new magazine; but I have ſome reaſon to think, that it is not greatly diſtreſſed for want of my tranſlation. Perſons in diſtreſs are apt now and then to complain, and I have been peaceably ſuffered entirely to neglect it for almoſt the nine years aſſigned to

"The laſt and greateſt art, the art to blot."

From this patient forbearance of the publick I conclude, that very few will be diſpleaſed

[e] While I was writing this ſentence, an indignant volume of *Reviews* deſcended haſtily from an upper ſhelf, and narrowly miſſed my head. ☞ The danger is now paſt. Not ſo the joyful remembrance of ſo unpromiſing an omen!

with

with me for intending never more to trouble them with *Propoſals for printing a book* [*f*].

I return thanks to the voluntary ſubſcribers. It was not my fault, that a gentleman's name was printed without his conſent, nor that he does not "*underſtand* ſuch odd ſtuff."

No reckleſs intruder appears in the Title-page. The inclemency of reading has been known to ſpend itſelf there; and a name, unſheltered with academical honours, ſtands leſs expoſed at the end of a Preface.

JOHN CARR.

[*f*] When this Preface appeared before, I had no intention of continuing the tranſlation in any mode whatever, nor any thoughts of a new Edition. But, after ſome experience of the publick favour, I found myſelf very little diſpoſed to queſtion its propriety; and my publiſher, who believes ſtrongly in the mutability of men's diſpoſitions, gave me ſuch powerful reaſons for a ſpeedy republication, that I changed my mind.

"He cannot tell what criticks thought it,
He only knows, that people bought it."

SOME

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF LUCIAN.

LUCIAN was born at Samoſata, a city of Syria, near the Euphrates. The time of his birth is uncertain; but it appears, from the perſons, authors, and events, which he mentions, that he flouriſhed under the Antonines and Commodus. If his dialogues had come down to us in the order of time in which they were written, it would have been eaſier to fix, or at leaſt to gueſs at, the year in which he was born. His parents are ſaid to have been originally of Patræ, in Achaia; though, in the dream which he relates, there are no traces of family pride. His father, he ſays, not knowing

ing how to ſupport him at home, put him apprentice to a ſtone-cutter. This ſtone-cutter was his uncle, who, having obſerved in the boy a talent, as he thought, for his trade, was at firſt greatly pleaſed with his diſciple. But, an unlucky accident occaſioning a quarrel between them, Lucian, in the pride and naughtineſs of his heart, ran home to his mother to complain. He does not ſay, that ſhe pointed out to him the path he was by nature fitted to purſue, but that two other females ſcolded him into it. He left his country, and improved himſelf ſo much by travelling, that no man nowadays can diſtinguiſh him from a native Athenian. He taught rhetorick in Gaul and other places. In Antioch he was a pleader at the bar. In this profeſſion he took a diſlike to noiſe and lying, and ſate down to write dialogues on the folly of mankind. He was about forty years of age when he began to imagine himſelf wiſer than the philoſophers of his time, with whoſe reſpective lives and opinions he was well enough acquainted to have abundant matter for ridicule. He makes continual alluſions

to

to Homer, perhaps thinking himſelf, like Perſius, a wiſer man than the writer of an Iliad.

" *Hoc ridere meum, tam nil, nullâ tibi vendo Iliade.*"

In his old age he was appointed to ſome place of conſequence under the Emperor in Ægypt, though it is not eaſy to determine exactly what. He married when ſomewhat advanced in age, and had a ſon, who was a favourite with Julian. A letter of that Emperor to him is ſtill extant. The ſame talents, that recommended the father to Aurelius, appear to have been poſſeſſed in ſome degree by the ſon. It is moſt probable that Lucian died about the age of ninety towards the end of the ſecond century; and it is more likely that he died of the gout than that he was devoured by dogs enraged to find an apoſtate. The ſtory of his embracing and afterwards renouncing the Chriſtian religion, with that [*b*] dreadful conſequence, ſeems to have been the invention of ſome bigot abſurd enough to dream of an alliance between truth and falſhood.

[*g*] Zuingerus has diſpoſed of Lucian's body and ſoul to his heart's content. " Quare et rabici iſtius pœnas ſufficientes in præſenti vita dedit, et in futurum hæres æterni ignis una cum Satana erit."

The

The ſtyle of Lucian being more pure than that of his contemporaries, two or three of the moſt celebrated fathers are reported to have improved themſelves in compoſition by ſtudying his works, and to have turned the artillery of his wit againſt his own party. Thoſe who are converſant with the fathers may poſſibly know where this wit is written.

Λυκιανος εις την ἑαυτου βιβλον.

Λυκιανος ταδ' εγραψα, [b] παλαια τε μωρα τε εἰδως,
Μωραι γαρ ανθρωποις και τα δοκουντα σοφα.
Ουδεν εν ανθρωποισι διακριδον εχει νοημα;
Αλλ' ὁ συ θαυμαζεις, τωθ' ἑτεροισι γελως.

LUCIAN on his Book.

I Lucian from the life this picture drew
Of errors old, of follies not a few.
Diſcordant judgments find no general rule,
Maid to admire, and raſh to ridicule.

[b] Παλαια τε πολλα τε εἰδως. Hom. Od. vii. ver. 157.

THE

THE

DREAM:

OR,

LUCIAN's Account of HIMSELF.

THE DREAM[a].

I WAS now a great boy, and had left off going to ſchool, when my father began to conſult with our friends what he ſhould make of me. Moſt of them were of opinion, that a learned profeſſion required a plentiful fortune; time, pains, and expence, being equally neceſſary: whereas our circumſtances were ſuch as ſtood much in need of ſpeedy amendment. "But, if I were to learn a trade, I might not

[a] This Dream is an imitation of THE CHOICE OF HERCULES, a well-known ſtory in Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates. The Engliſh reader may ſee it in the Tatler N° 97, and in Spence's Polymetis. Xenophon had it from Prodicus, who, he ſays, told it in a better manner. Lucian might have ſaid the ſame of Xenophon.

only be able to live of myſelf, without encumbering my father, now that I was grown up; but, in a little time, might fill him with joy, to ſee me bring home the fruits of my labours." The next queſtion to be reſolved, was, what was the beſt trade, the eaſieſt to be acquired, the moſt genteel, the leaſt expenſive in ſetting up, and affording the faireſt proſpect of gain. While one recommended one thing, and another another, according to his own experience or caprice, my father, caſting his eyes on my uncle, who was an excellent Statuary, declared, that no other trade but his ought to be named in his preſence. "Take him, ſaid he, (pointing to me) and make him perfect in your buſineſs: you know him to be a lad of parts, who will do you credit." He preſumed this from ſome toys he had ſeen of my making. For I had been uſed, when out of my ſchoolmaſter's ſight, to get wax, and ſcrape it into twenty odd figures, ſuch as oxen, horſes, or men; which my father (poor man!) thought very fine, but for which my maſter uſed to beat me. Upon the ſtrength of this I was encouraged to go on, as there could be

no

no doubt of my ſoon becoming a maſter of my trade, after theſe voluntary ſpecimens of dexterity. I was therefore without loſs of time given up to my uncle, without betraying or feeling much diſſatisfaction; for I could not but think it convenient enough to have the opportunity, whenever I would, of pleaſing myſelf, or obliging my friend, with a god or a hero of my own making. So I was entered in the uſual manner. My uncle gave me a chiſel, and bade me uſe it gently, repeating the proverb, *A good beginning makes a good end.* But, for want of knowing better, I hit too hard, and broke the marble. My uncle, enraged, ſnatching up a whip, belaboured me in ſuch a manner as made me ſhed many tears, and gave me no great ſtomach to the trade. Blubbering moſt ſadly I ran home with my ſtory, ſhewing the weals, and recounting my uncle's cruelty; ſaying, I was ſure it was envy, and nothing elſe, that made him uſe me ſo. My mother kindly heard me, and heartily abuſed her tyrant of a brother. All that night I ſpent in ſobbing and thinking.—What I have hitherto ſaid ſeems the trifling of a child; but what

is to come, Gentlemen, will require your patient attention. As Homer ſays, "A divine viſion of the ambroſial night appeared in a dream," ſo plain that reality itſelf could not be more ſo: for even to this moment I think I hear and ſee all that I did then. Two women laid hold of me, and pulled me different ways, each to herſelf, with ſuch violence that I feared they would have torn me in pieces between them. Now one prevailed, and then the other. Then they ſcolded moſt bitterly; the one declaring ſhe wanted only her own, and the other proteſting that her antagoniſt ſhould loſe her labour. The one was a maſculine creature, made for hard work, with hair neglected, hands callous, gown tucked up, all over duſt; in ſhort, juſt like my uncle, when he poliſhed his marble. The other had a beautiful face, a graceful perſon, an elegant dreſs. After much contention they referred the matter to me. And firſt that hard-favoured robuſt animal began: "I, my dear boy, am "Statuary, to whoſe acquaintance you were "yeſterday to be introduced. I am your friend "and relation. Your grandfather (naming my "mother's

" mother's father) was a ſtone-cutter, as well " as your two uncles, who became both very " famous by means of me. If then you can " reſolve with yourſelf to renounce the trifles " which ſhe would tempt you with (pointing " to the other), and come and dwell with me, " in the firſt place, you ſhall live like a man, " you ſhall be hale and ſtrong, you ſhall eſcape " all envy; you ſhall have no occaſion to ſeek " a foreign land, leaving your relations and " country, for the praiſe of an empty ſpeech. " Diſdain not the mean appearance of my per- " ſon and apparel. It was from ſuch a be- " ginning that Phidias, the carver of Jove, laid " the foundation of his fame. You have heard " too of Polycletus, who made a Juno; of " the praiſes of Myron and Praxiteles: they " are reverenced like the gods they made. " Think, if you ſhould prove like one of them, " what univerſal fame you would acquire! how " happy your father! how proud your coun- " try!"—All this jargon, and a great deal more, ſhe blundered out, labouring with all her might to win me over to her opinion. But the greateſt part of it has eſcaped my memory. When

once ſhe had done, thus began the other: "I, my child, am Learning, not altogether unknown to thee. This lady has ſufficiently enumerated all the bleſſings of a ſtone-cutter: as ſuch, you will be a mere labourer, and all will depend on the ſweat of your brow. You will lead a poor, illiberal, obſcure life, equally abject in mind as depreſſed in body, neither capable of aſſiſting your friends, nor able to deter your enemies; a low, unenvied drudge, glad to truckle to every perſon of the leaſt eminence, dependent on another man's breath, living the life of a hare, the property of a gentleman. Though you arrive at the excellence of Phidias or Polycletus, and all men admire your workmanſhip, there is not a ſingle man in his ſenſes, who would wiſh himſelf to be the workman. However eminent, ſtill you will be a mechanick, living from hand to mouth. But, if you will be ruled by me, I will make you acquainted with the actions and exploits of the admired ancients; I will explain to you what they have taught, and give you an inſight into all things. Your ſoul, which is your principal part, I will adorn with moderation,

" tion, juſtice, piety, gentleneſs, equity, under-
" ſtanding, firmneſs, the love of virtue, ambi-
" tion of being honourably diſtinguiſhed: theſe
" are the genuine honours of the mind. You
" ſhall know every tranſaction of old, and judge
" of the propriety of what is preſent. I will en-
" able you to ſee into futurity, I will teach you all
" knowledge human and divine. Though you
" are now a poor lad, the ſon of a man who
" would have you be as mean as himſelf, you
" ſhall ſoon become the admiration and envy of
" all men. Your talents will be honoured and
" praiſed by the rich and the great. You ſhall
" have ſuch a robe as mine (which, you ſee, is
" no deſpicable one); you ſhall obtain power
" and pre-eminence. If you ſhould happen to
" go abroad, your fame will go before you. I
" will make you ſo remarkable, that every be-
" holder, jogging his neighbour, ſhall point and
" ſay, [*b*] *There! that is he!* Whenever any
" matter of conſequence ſhall be debated, re-

[*b*] Cicero mentions the pride of Demoſthenes on being thus diſtinguiſhed by an old woman carrying water. Tuſcul. Quæſt. B. V. Perſius, Sat. i. Horace, B. IV. Ode iii. Pliny the younger, Book VI. Ep. 6.

" lating

" lating either to individuals, or to the whole
" community, all eyes ſhall be fixed on you;
" they will be ready with open mouth to ſwallow
" every word you ſay, bleſſing themſelves, What
" an orator! what a happy man was the father
" of him! I will beſtow on you that immor-
" tality, which is ſo talked of: when you are
" dead, you ſhall converſe with the wits, and
" keep the very beſt company. You know what
" a great man Demoſthenes became, whoſe fa-
" ther was nobody: and how Æſchines was
" courted by King Philip, though his mother
" was maintained by her timbrel. Socrates was
" at firſt a ſtatuary, but it was when he knew no
" better; for, when he did, he flew to me, and
" you have heard what reputation he acquired.
" But, if you like to give up ſuch great men,
" ſuch celebrated performances, ſuch elegant
" orations, ſuch fine clothes, honour, glory,
" praiſe, precedency, power, authority, oratori-
" cal fame, intellectual excellence;—if you are
" determined to forego them all, you muſt:
" you will be recompenſed with an old dirty
" jacket, fit for a ſlave, and be prepared to
" handle your tools like any other poor, abject,

" down-looking drudge, with his hammers and " chiſels about him: you muſt never once pre- " ſume to look upwards, leſt ſomething worthy " of a human creature ſhould happen to engage " your attention: your whole care will be to " finiſh every job in a workman-like manner, " which muſt be always more elegant and better " attended to than yourſelf, a neglected wretch, " ſcraping a living from duſt and ſtones." I could forbear no longer, but got up before ſhe had done ſpeaking, and declared in her favour. I inſtantly quitted the dirty ſlave, remembering the whip and the blows, with which I had been welcomed the day before. With a glad heart I betook myſelf to Learning. The other, enraged to be thus deſerted, at firſt clinched her fiſt, and gnaſhed her teeth, with every threat of vengeance; but at laſt congealed like Niobe, and became a perfect ſtone. All this may be ſafely believed; for dreams are wonderful things. The object of my choice, now looking at me, declared ſhe would make me ample ſatisfaction for the equitable deciſion I had made. " Do you ſee this chariot? ſaid ſhe; it is drawn by winged horſes, like ſo many Pegaſuſes: get into it,

it, and I will ſhew you what you had like to have loſt." Upon this I got up, and ſhe drove. Being raiſed aloft, I looked round about me from eaſt to weſt, beholding cities and nations; and, like Triptolemus [c], ſcattering ſomething down on the earth. I do not remember at preſent what it was: I only remember this, that, wherever I came, the people looked up with acclamations, wiſhing me a good journey, as I flew over their heads. Having ſhewn me many fine things, and introduced me to much praiſe, ſhe brought me back again; not in the dreſs I had ſet out with, but very fine, I aſſure you. She then laid hold of my father, who ſtood expecting me, bade him look at me now, and think of his wiſe conſultation. This is what I ſaw, while I was hardly more than a child, being diſturbed in my ſleep, I ſuppoſe, by the impreſſion of my uncle's whip.—Here I am interrupted by ſomebody, who thinks my judicial dream a little of the longeſt. "But, no doubt, adds another, it was winter, when the nights are long; or, per-

[c] Triptolemus was ſent over the world, in a flying chariot, by Ceres, to teach ploughing and ſowing. As he flew along, he ſcattered ſeed on the ground.

haps,

haps, you were three nights about it, as Jupiter was in begetting Hercules. How came it into the man's head to plague us with his tedious narrative? with the obſolete fooleries of a childiſh dream? Did he take us for interpreters of his inſipid nonſenſe?" But Xenophon [*d*], Sir, did not think like you: he related his dream, not as an idle tale of amuſement, but as containing ſomething ſolid and ſubſtantial; or he would hardly have taken up his time with it, when ſurrounded by enemies, and reduced to extremity. For my part, I have related my dream to perſuade young men to right courſes, eſpecially ſuch as, being diſheartened by poverty, might debaſe their genius by low purſuits. Such will be animated by my example, conſidering what I originally was, and how I became what I am, not diſcouraged by the fear of ſtarving; who may venture at leaſt to ſay this of myſelf, that I am as well known as the beſt of the ſtatuaries.

[*d*] Expedition of Cyrus, Book III.

TIMON:

OR,

THE MAN-HATER.

On the Influence of MONEY.

TIMON:

OR,

THE MAN-HATER.

TIMON.

O JUPITER! the friendly, the hoſpitable, the ſociable, the domeſtick, the lightning-darting, the oath-obſerving, the cloud-compelling, the ſolemn-ſounding, and whatever elſe the brainſick poets pleaſe to call thee when they rave in heroicks; for then it is that thou aſſumeſt every name, to prop poor deſponding metre, and fill up a gap—where is now thy tremendous lightning, thy roaring thunder, thy burning, ſhining, dreadful bolt? it is now plain that all is a jeſt, a poetical vapour made up of ſounds.

And yet I marvel too how it comes to paſs, that thoſe famous arms of thine which kill at any diſtance—I wonder by what means they have loſt their faculty, and are totally out of order: there is not now left a ſingle ſpark of wrath, to manifeſt thy indignation againſt the wicked. There is not a raſcal alive that cares one ſtraw for thy thunder, or regards it any more than the wick of an extinguiſhed candle, which might poſſibly dirty his face indeed, but could not hurt it. Salmoneus has ventured to rival thee in thunder: and why ſhould he not? a man of any ſpirit may ſurely defy ſuch a drowſy frozen Jove as thou art. You certainly have been ſwallowing mandrake [*e*]; you do not ſee thoſe villains, nor hear thoſe fellows forſwearing themſelves: you are as blind and as deaf as your great grandfather. Once upon a time, when you were young, and full of ſpirits, the caſe was very different: your back was ſoon up, and woe to thoſe that provoked you. You never gave them a moment's reſt; the bolt was in conſtant practice, the ſhield

[*e*] Which had the ſame effect as opium in cauſing ſleep.

was

was worn without intermiſſion, the thunder roared for ever. Like a ſhower of darts flew thy ſkirmiſhing fire; the earth was ſhaken and bored like a ſieve, mountains of ſnow and rocks of hail fell about mens ears: nay, to talk in a higher tone, violent and impetuous were the rains, and every drop a river. No wonder then, that in Deucalion's time, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole world was under water; and every ſoul muſt inevitably have periſhed, had not one little ſkiff ſtruck upon Mount Lycoris, to preſerve the ſeed of this more raſcally generation. But now it is all over with Jupiter: there is not a man that ever ſacrifices to you now, or offers you a ſingle garland; except perhaps at the Olympick games, merely to pay reſpect to an old cuſtom, and not out of any obligation, I aſſure you. They will ſoon proceed to play the old game over again, and ſerve thee like another Saturn. A thouſand times already have they robbed thy temple, nor did they ſtick at falling foul upon thyſelf in Olympia: meanwhile the ſonorous Jupiter was too lazy either to rouſe the dogs, or call the neighbours to his aſſiſtance; but

fairly let them eſcape with their booty. The mighty vanquiſher of the giants, the triumphant conqueror of the Titans, with a thunderbolt ten cubits long in his hand, ſoberly ſat ſtill, and let them cut off his locks.—I pray you, good Sir, how long are affairs to go on thus? or when do you intend to be revenged on them? How many Deucalions and Phaëtons, do you think, will be ſufficient to reſtrain ſuch exceſs of wickedneſs? for, not to mention other mens concerns, but only to hint at my own, how many of theſe Athenians have I aggrandiſed! how many ſcoundrels, that were not worth a groat, have I enriched! how many beggars have I ſupported! Have I not ſpent my whole fortune, to ſatisfy the deſires of my friends? And now, that I am as poor as they were when my bounty found them, my moſt obedient, devoted, faithful adorers are every man of them aſhamed of me, and will not ſpeak to me. If I happen to meet any of them, they paſs by me, as they would paſs by an old monument not worth regarding. Some of them at a good diſtance prudently turn

turn aſide and give me the way, not caring to come near any thing ſo ominous as their old friend and benefactor. Being thus reduced and forlorn, I dig for ſixpence [*f*] a day, clad in this miſerable garb [*g*]; while, undiſturbed by attendants, I moralize over my ſpade. There is this comfort in my ſituation, that I do not ſee the rogues grow fat in their wickedneſs; for that would be death and fury. But pray be ſo obliging, thou ſon of Saturn and Rhea, as to awake (for ſurely thou haſt had a comfortable nap [*b*] of it: Epimenides, who ſlept ſeventy-five years together, was nothing to thee).—Awake, I ſay, and ſhew thyſelf a man; blow up the fire of Mount Oeta, and give thy thunderbolt a freſh heat; and, if ever thou didſt exert thyſelf, do it now: unleſs thou art dead in good earneſt, as the Cretans report.

JUPITER.

What fellow is this, Mercury, that I hear thus bawling from Attica? yonder he ſtands

[*f*] Four oboli. An obolus was ſomething more than five farthings.

[*g*] Διφθιρα, a garment of goat-ſkin.

[*b*] Hom. Iliad II. verſe 2.

by Mount Hymettus, in a miſerable garb, dirty and ragged. He ſeems to be digging; or why does he ſtoop ſo? Whoever he is, he is a ſaucy fellow, I warrant him; ſome philoſopher, I ſuppoſe: [i] or he would hardly be ſo profane.

MERCURY.

What, father, do you not know him? It is Timon of Colyttus, the ſon of Echechratides. Many a time has he treated us with a feaſt. You remember—he became ſuddenly rich, and ſpent whole hecatombs upon us. I am ſure, Sir, we lived like ourſelves on your feſtival days.

JUPITER.

Well! but how came this to paſs? He was a gentleman, had a great deal of money, and many friends. How comes he to be in this unſeemly ſituation, delving with a huge ſpade, and exhibiting all the marks of poverty and wretchedneſs?

MERCURY.

His good-nature, you muſt know, and humanity, and pity of all in want, have done his

[i] Ου γαρ αν, ſuppreſſa conditione. Vide Hoogeveen de Particulis Græcis, p. 925.

buſineſs

buſineſs for him. In plain truth, he has been miſerably impoſed upon. The man had no notion of diſtinguiſhing one perſon from another: all were welcome; and behold the end of it! The more the rooks devoured him, the more they pleaſed him; as he was convinced, that nothing but ſtark friendſhip and pure goodwill could bring them to his table. So, after they had picked his bones clean, and ſucked out the marrow, leaving him as dry as a chip [*k*],

[*k*] It may be proper once for all to obſerve, that, in the ſtyle of Lucian, there is often a redundancy of words, as well as a confuſion of images. A former tranſlator, having rendered this paſſage, "And now, after they had ſtripped him bare "to the bone, and gnawed him, and ſucked out all the mar-"row, away they go, and leave him ſapleſs, and cut down to the "very root," obſerves that "Lucian paſſes out of one meta-"phor into another, from that of a body to a tree. Now, "though I will by no means preſume to cenſure this liberty "in ſo great a maſter of eloquence as our Author was; yet "one of the niceſt criticks France ever bred (I mean Monſieur "St. Evremont) expreſsly condemns it in his Oeuvres Mêlès, "tom. iv. p. 120. C'eſt une faute inexcuſable de paſſer d'une "metaphore, par laquelle on auroit commencé, à une nouvelle, "et d'allier ainſi des images qui n'ont nul rapport entre elles. "Quand on eſt attentif à bien écrire, on ſcait continuer, et "ſoutenir la même idée." This modeſt gentleman brings over a learned Frenchman, to prove what was never denied. A rare example of diffidence in a critick!

they genteelly took their leave, and no longer regarded him. Indeed why ſhould they, ſince they have no intention of returning his favours? For theſe reaſons, with his ſpade and his pelt, as you ſee, he has forſaken the city, being aſhamed of living in it any longer. There he is, poor man! turning up the ground for hire; while his breaſt burns with indignation againſt the provoking raſcals, who, having been enriched by his bounty, now paſs ſcornfully by, and would not know the name of Timon, if they heard it.

JUPITER.

Upon my word, he has reaſon to be out of humour, and muſt not be neglected by us. At that rate, we ſhould be as bad as they: if we could forget a man, who has regaled us ſo often at our altars, with ſuch a number of bulls, and ſo many of his fatteſt goats; the ſmell of which is at this moment in my noſtrils. Indeed my time has been ſo taken up with a parcel of perjured villains, thieves, and robbers; I have been ſo ſweated with thoſe ſacrilegious ſcoundrels, who are ſo ſlippery and ſo numerous, that I have

hardly had time to close my eyes, or attend to any thing else: so that it is no wonder I have not looked down upon Attica this great while. And then the Philosophers keep such a pother, with their nonsensical quarrels about empty words, that actually one cannot hear what other mortals have to say. Either I must utterly shut up my ears, or be stunned with the noise they make about their incorporeal forms, their virtue, and nobody knows what. It has been owing to such causes, and not from any want of inclination, that I have hitherto neglected him. But do you, Mercury, take Plutus with you, and go to him directly. Let Plutus take Thesaurus, and let both take up their abode with Timon, and not leave him again so readily; though his former good-natured fit should return, and his charity induce him to drive them out of doors. As for those sycophants, I will be revenged on them for their ingratitude, as soon as I have repaired my thunderbolt; which I have very much damaged, in darting too furiously upon Anaxagoras the Sophist. He wanted to persuade his disciples, that we Gods were nobody at all, forsooth. Unluckily I missed him; for his friend

friend Pericles put his hand between us: ſo the bolt fell upon the Temple of Caſtor and Pollux, and, in deſtroying that, was almoſt deſtroyed itſelf; it went with ſuch violence againſt the hard ſtones. Though I believe it will be a ſufficient plague to them, to ſee Timon rich again.

MERCURY.

To make a noiſe, to be impudent, and importunate, I find, is uſeful to others, as well as the wranglers at the bar! Behold, here is a poor fellow going to be ſuddenly enriched, becauſe he has given himſelf airs, and been ſo clamorous, that Jupiter is almoſt ſtunned with his bawling! who, had he been contented to dig in ſilence, might have dug his heart out, before Jove would have ſhewn him the leaſt regard!

PLUTUS.

Poſitively, I will go no more near him.

JUPITER.

No! not when I command you, Sir?

PLUTUS.

Upon my word, he has uſed me extremely ill: he ſcattered me piecemeal, he kicked me out;

out; when I was his very beſt friend. He even ſhook me off, as if he had burnt his fingers with handling me. Would you have me go to him again, to be ſquandered amongſt paraſites, flatterers, and harlots? I beg, Jupiter, that you will ſend me to ſuch as know the value of me, and will entertain me accordingly. Such never think they can have too much of my company. As for the fools, that could make ducks and drakes of their money, let them even have enough of their dearly-beloved poverty, and be bleſſed with a ſpade, a leathern jacket, and ſixpence a day!

JUPITER.

Timon will play you no ſuch tricks for the future: his ſpade has tutored him ſufficiently. If there be any feeling in him, I warrant you, he will never more prefer poverty to riches. Indeed, you ſeem to be always grumbling: why ſhould you find fault with Timon for ſetting the door open, and giving you leave to do as you would? He never baulked you in any expedition; nor had he the leaſt jealouſy of you. I have

have known the time when you have complained luſtily of the rich, for ſetting their ſeal upon you, and confining you, as they are apt to do, with bolts and bars. You ſaid, it was impoſſible for you to enjoy a glimpſe of light, ſhut up in ſuch miſerable ſervitude, under lock and key. You complained of being ſtifled in darkneſs, which made you look ſo pale and ſo ſickly. You ſaid, your conſtitution was devoured by continual anxiety; that you had loſt the right uſe of your fingers by continually ſcraping money together; and that you only wanted an opportunity to make your eſcape. In ſhort, you thought it a terrible thing, to be kept untouched, like the virgin Danaë, in a brazen or iron cloſet, and tutored by the rigorous care of intereſt and arithmetick. You wondered why they ſhould be ſo unaccountably fond of you, ſince they had not the heart to enjoy you when they might; but were always upon the watch, with their eyes perpetually on the hinge or the key-hole; thinking it quite ſufficient to have barely the power of uſing you, and preventing any body elſe; like the dog in the manger. You thought them very ridiculous, who were always

pinching

pinching and hoarding, and jealous of even their own guts; not conſidering that ſome raſcally footman, or butler, or puppy of a tutor, would come ſlily upon the odious wretch of a maſter, and, ſneaking off with his money, leave him to meditate alone, over his glimmering, twinkling, ſtarvling ruſh-light.—What method of proceeding is this? You are neither ſatisfied the one way nor the other.

PLUTUS.

If you will be pleaſed to conſider the matter, I fancy you will find that I have not done any thing without reaſon. That eaſineſs and mildneſs of Timon's government was not in reality out of good-will to me. And as to thoſe who locked me up in the dark, that I might grow fat and well-liking, meanwhile they never laid finger on me, nor ſuffered any one to ſee me, I looked on them to be out of their ſenſes, cruel villains who could ſuffer me to rot in a jail without why or wherefore; never conſidering how ſoon they muſt go and leave me to the poſſeſſion of ſome other of Fortune's favourites.

rites. I neither like the one, nor the other; neither Timon, nor his oppoſite. They are moſt to my mind, who neither hoard me up to no purpoſe, nor ſcatter me to as little; but make a moderate uſe of me. Put the caſe thus, good Jupiter: ſuppoſe a man was to marry a handſome young wife, and afterwards take no account of her conduct; ſuffer her to go and come whenever ſhe likes, by night or day; contentedly permit her to keep whatever company ſhe will; nay, even open his doors for the reception of gallants, and invite all the neighbouring cuckold-makers;—can ſuch a man have any love for his wife? I think, Jupiter knows better. On the contrary, if a man marries a fine young lady, for the ſake of having children, and afterwards will not ſo much as touch her, nor allow any body to look at her, ſuffering her youth to waſte away in hopeleſs virginity, and all this under a pretence of ſuperabundant fondneſs, while he ſtalks about with his eyes ſunk in his head, as pale and as lean as the moſt ardent lover; is ſuch a man to be reckoned in his ſober ſenſes; who, when he ought to be purſuing every delightful purpoſe

of

of wedlock, ſuffers a lovely young woman to languiſh out a forlorn life, as if ſhe was in training for a prieſteſs of Ceres [*l*]? It goes to my heart, I aſſure you, to be kicked about, conſumed, and devoured, by heedleſs ſpendthrifts: nor, on the other hand, can I brook being kept in fetters, like a branded runaway ſlave.

JUPITER.

However, you may reſt yourſelf ſatisfied; for they are both of them ſufficiently puniſhed: theſe, while, like Tantalus, they neither eat nor drink, gaping only with dry chops after gold; and thoſe, while, as Phineus was ſerved by the harpies, their paraſites eat the meat out of their mouths. But go; get you gone: you will find Timon much wiſer than he has been.

PLUTUS.

Impoſſible! He will let me out of his coffers before I have reſted a moment; he is ſo

[*l*] This paſſage had like to have occaſioned an unhappy quarrel amongſt the Learned. While ſome doubted whether Ceres ever had a prieſteſs; others more ſtoutly argued that ſhe had many, vindicating the honours of the Goddeſs with a becoming acrimony. See Moſes du Soul.

terribly

terribly afraid of being overwhelmed with riches. I might juſt as wiſely think of filling the ſieves of the Belides, while the water runs faſter out than in: ſo free an egreſs is always open to his profuſion.

JUPITER.

If then he does not ſtop up the vent, you will ſoon make your eſcape again, kindly leaving him his hairy doublet and his ſpade at the bottom of the veſſel. However, go; and let him be rich. And remember, Mercury, as you come back, to call at Ætna, and bring a blackſmith or two to ſharpen my thunderbolt; for I ſee I ſhall want to have it in good order.

MERCURY.

Come, Plutus; come along. Hey-day! what is the matter? What, do you limp? I knew you were blind; but never dreamed of your being lame too.

PLUTUS.

I am never ſo, except when I am ſent on an errand by Jupiter; when I immediately become unaccountably lame of both my feet, ſo that it

it is with great difficulty I reach the end of my journey: meanwhile the poor fellow, who expected me, is grown an old man. But when I am to take my leave, I am ſwifter than any of the feathered kind. The race is no ſooner begun, than I am declared the winner: I take ſuch ſtrides, and run ſo faſt, the eye can ſcarcely keep up with me.

MERCURY.

I know not how to believe you now; for I could name ſome hundreds of my acquaintance as rich as Croeſus all on a ſudden, who but the other day could not have muſtered a penny to purchaſe a halter; fine fellows, who to-day are pompouſly drawn by white horſes, and who yeſterday would have given their ears for the conveniency of beſtriding a jack-aſs. They ſtrut about with their purple and rings, and, I really believe, have ſome doubt whether they have not dreamed themſelves into all this wealth.

PLUTUS.

What you ſay, Mercury, is nothing to the purpoſe. I do not go to ſuch perſons on my

own feet, nor am I ſent to them by Jupiter, but by Pluto, who is famous for beſtowing riches, as his very name denotes. When I am to paſs from one to another, they cram me into a will, and ſealing me carefully up, carry me off in a bundle; while the teſtator lies dead in ſome dark corner of the houſe, tucked up in an old piece of linen, for the cats to fight about. Thoſe, who thought themſelves ſure of having me, ſtand in the market in expectation as earneſt as that of the young ſwallow waiting the return of the old one. But when at laſt the ſeal is broken, and the will opened, and my new Lord's name declared, who is commonly ſome worthleſs couſin, ſome mean ſycophant, or proſtitute ſlave; immediately my alert gentleman, by dint of his newly-acquired poſſeſſions, the reward of his paſt ſervices, forgets that he ever had been Pyrrhias [*k*], or Dromo [*k*], or Tibias [*k*]; and, for the future, is to be ſaluted by the name of Megacles [*l*], or Megabyzus [*l*], or Protarchus [*l*]. As looks the fiſherman, when a huge fiſh, after ſwallow-

[*k*] Uſual names of ſlaves.

[*l*] Names of great men.

ing

ing all his bait, breaks out of the net, and bids farewel; ſo look the diſappointed expectants one at another, for ever out of all chance of obtaining the prize. This ſilly fellow, an entire ſtranger to all elegance of manners, running headlong upon a heap of money, though he ſtill remembers the fetters, and has not forgot the ſmack of a whip, pricking up his ears as it paſſes; to whom a temple and a houſe of correction are objects of equal awe;—this fellow grows intolerable to all manner of perſons; abuſes his betters; and beats his brother ſlaves, to practiſe his whip-hand. He preſently takes to harlots and horſes [*m*]; falls into the hands of pimps and paraſites, who ſwear he is one of the moſt accompliſhed characters of the age, much handſomer than Nireus, of a better family than Cecrops or Codrus, wiſer than Ulyſſes, a thouſand times richer than Crœſus: when,

[*m*] Very few of the Athenians had a fortune ſufficient to keep race-horſes. A young rake in Ariſtophanes had run his father in debt twelve minæ, equivalent to 38*l.* 15*s.* of our money, for the purchaſe of his ſteed, κοντάλιας. Brumoy ſays, that the worſt thing theſe frugal Republicans wiſhed to their enemies, was, that they might keep fine horſes. Theatre des Grecs, t. v. p. 481.

in the twinkling of an eye, he fools away what had been ſcraped together with all the pains and cares of perjury, fraud, and rapine.

MERCURY.

What you obſerve is very juſt. But when you walk on your own legs, as you are blind, how do you find the way? How do you diſtinguiſh thoſe who deſerve your favours, to whom Jupiter ſends you?

PLUTUS.

You do not imagine that I ever find thoſe I am ſent to!

MERCURY.

Truly I believe not: or you could never have paſſed by Ariſtides, to make a viſit to Hipponicus, and Callias, and many more raſcals in the town not worth hanging. But how do you generally proceed in your expeditions?

PLUTUS.

I wander up and down till ſomebody happens to lay hold of me. Whoever is ſo happy hugs me cloſe, and offers you a thankſgiving for ſuch unexpected good luck.

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

Is not Jupiter then mightily miſtaken, who imagines that you really enrich ſuch as he thinks deſerving?

PLUTUS.

He may well miſs of his aim, who, knowing me to be blind, ſends me to ſeek out a needle in a bottle of hay; which thoſe that ſee the beſt could never find. Indeed honeſty is ſo very rare, and raſcals are ſo many and ſo ravenous, that it is no wonder they generally ſecure me.

MERCURY.

Well, but when you forſake them, as you know not a foot of the way, how is it that you are ſo very expeditious?

PLUTUS.

On theſe occaſions I have always the perfect uſe of my eyes, and feet too.

MERCURY.

Anſwer me this too: I pray, ſince your eyes are ſo bad (I beg pardon for my freedom), and you are ſo ill-looking, and ſo lame; how comes

it that you have ſo many lovers, and are ſo univerſally admired? Whoever obtains your favours is ſuperlatively happy; but to him whom you ſlight life becomes a burden. Nay, I myſelf have known ſeveral ſo wretchedly infatuated with your charms, that, in a fit of deſpair, they have not ſcrupled to jump headlong from a rock into the ſea. You muſt yourſelf confeſs, I think, that ſuch perſons are mad.

PLUTUS.

Do you think they ſee me as I really am, with all my imperfections about me?

MERCURY.

Do they not? or are they as blind as you?

PLUTUS.

It is not blindneſs, Sir, but ignorance and error, which are now ſo univerſally predominant, that darken their underſtandings. Beſides, notwithſtanding this deformity, I can put on a good face; and, when they ſee me with ſuch fine clothes, ſo much gold, and ſo many jewels; thinking it all beauty without paint, they fall over head and ears in love, and die to obtain me: when,

when, if any one ſhould unmaſk me, and diſcover me to them in my genuine nakedneſs, no doubt, they would upbraid their own ſtupid brains, for blindly dreaming of any thing deſirable in me.

MERCURY.

But, when a man is really become rich, and wears himſelf the maſk which you mention, he is not miſtaken in it then. And yet, you ſee, he would ſooner part with his head than his money; when it is impoſſible but he muſt know how the caſe is.

PLUTUS.

Many things contribute towards maintaining the cheat.

MERCURY.

Explain.

PLUTUS.

When a man firſt throws open his doors to admit my viſit, Pride, Folly, Oſtentation, Effeminacy, Inſolence, Deceit, and twenty more of the ſame kind, ſteal ſlily in along with me. When

once theſe have taken poſſeſſion of the mind, a man admires what he ought to abhor, and greedily purſues what he ought to avoid. He ſo dotes on me, who introduced, and am thus attended by theſe my guards; that, ſooner than part with me, he would ſuffer every extremity.

MERCURY.

Indeed, Plutus, you are wonderfully ſmooth, and ſlippery, and fickle, and hard to hold, having no handle that one can truſt to: you ſlip, one knows not how, like an eel, through one's fingers. But poverty on the contrary ſticks like birdlime, eaſily caught indeed: it is all over tenterhooks, touch and take, it holds you faſt. But while we are thus trifling, we neglect an important affair.

PLUTUS.

What is that?

MERCURY.

We have not brought with us Theſaurus, who is moſt wanted.

PLUTUS.

PLUTUS.

Do not be concerned about that. When I come up to you gentlemen above, I always leave him below with the doors bolted, and give him ſtrict charge not to open till he hears my voice.

MERCURY.

Come then, let us be going to Attica. Do you lay hold of a lappet of my cloak, and ſtick cloſe till we get to the end of our journey.

PLUTUS.

You are in the right to lead me; for, if I was left to myſelf, I might ſtumble upon Hyperbolus or Cleon. But what noiſe is this? It is like iron ſtruck upon ſtone.

MERCURY.

It is Timon, but a little way off, working with his ſpade in the gravelly ſoil. Bleſs me! there is Poverty, and Labour, and Strength, and Wiſdom, and Fortitude, the whole regiment of Hunger, more reſpectable guards than thoſe of Plutus!

PLUTUS.

PLUTUS.

Let us be gone, Mercury, immediately: we ſhall never make any thing of him, with ſuch an army about him.

MERCURY.

Let us not be diſheartened: you know what Jupiter ſaid.

POVERTY.

Whither are you conducting *him*, you murderer of Argus [*n*]?

MERCURY.

We are diſpatched by Jupiter to Timon.

POVERTY.

He was in a fine pickle when I undertook him, ruined by Luxury. But, recommending him to Wiſdom and Labour, I have made a man of him. And will Plutus go to him again? am I ſo deſpicable, ſo fit to be trampled on? and would you deprive me of him, my ſole poſ-

[*n*] Argus, having a hundred eyes, was ordered by Juno to preſerve the fair Io inviolate. It is no reflection on him, that he did not ſucceed.

ſeſſion,

ſeſſion, whom I have ſo carefully accompliſhed in virtue? would Plutus again give him up to Inſolence and Pride, and make him the ſilly fop he was before? And, when every thing valuable is gone, will he then again give him to me?

MERCURY.

Jupiter will have it ſo.

POVERTY.

I go then. Come along, Labour, and Wiſdom, and all my companions. Timon ſhall ſoon have reaſon to remember how good a friend I have been to him, who muſt now leave him; how well I have aſſiſted him, and in what intereſting ſtudies I have engaged him. As long as he was connected with me, his body was healthy, and his mind vigorous; he led the life of a man, and minded the things that concerned him; nor did he ever lay claim to the ſuperfluities which did not belong to him.

MERCURY.

They are marching off: let us go up to him.

TIMON.

TIMON.

What villains are you? what buſineſs have you here, to diſturb a poor labouring man? But I will make you repent it, abominable ſcoundrels as you are; unleſs you like to be well pelted with clods and ſtones.

MERCURY.

Do not, pray do not! We are not men, Timon: I am Mercury, and this gentleman is Plutus. Jupiter has ſent us to you, in conſequence of your prayers. So give over your work, take plenty of money, and much good may it do you!

TIMON.

Be gods with all my heart! that ſhall not ſave your bacon. I hate you all alike. And as for this blinking raſcal here, let him be who he will, he ſhall have my ſpade in his guts, depend upon it.

PLUTUS.

Let us go pr'ythee, Mercury: this fellow is as mad as a march hare, and will certainly do me a miſchief.

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

Be not ſo booriſh, Timon. Lay aſide thy ruſticity, and welcome thy good fortune. Once again be rich, be the great man of Athens, be alone happy, and deſpiſe the ungrateful.

TIMON.

I aſk you no favour; only do not be troubleſome. My ſpade is my eſtate; and I am very happy, provided nobody comes near me.

MERCURY.

How unaccountable!

"And I muſt bear theſe big reſolves to Jove [*m*]!" You might be expected indeed not to be over-fond of mankind, you have not been over-well uſed by them: but to hate the gods, who take ſuch care of you, is unpardonable.

TIMON.

Believe me, Mercury, I take very kindly this favour that Jupiter and you intended me. But as for Plutus, I am determined to have nothing more to do with him.

[*m*] Hom. Il. xv, ver. 202.

MERCURY,

MERCURY.

But why, Timon?

TIMON.

Why! becauſe he has done me unſpeakable miſchief, betraying me to flatterers, and expoſing me to ſuch as would have cut my throat; making me odious and abhorred, deſtroying my health and morals with debauchery, and pointing me out as a mark for envy. Laſt of all, having had his ends of me, he treacherouſly left me in the lurch. Poverty, on the contrary, by accuſtoming me to manly exerciſes, to honeſty and truth, has ſupplied me with all I wanted, and taught me, contentedly labouring for my bread, to laugh at all the world thinks valuable. Poverty taught me, that my happineſs was to be found within my own breaſt, that there only I might enjoy the riches, which neither the artifice of flattery, the threats of falſhood, the rage of the populace, the tumult of elections, nor the plots of tyranny, could ever rob me of. Being therefore made ſtrong by labour, I diligently cultivate this little ſpot; and, while I behold not the iniquities of the city,

city, my ſpade amply ſupplies every wiſh of my heart. So, Mercury, I would have you go back, and take your companion with you. I ſhall be perfectly ſatisfied, if Jupiter will but furniſh every moment of every man's life with ſufficient cauſe of lamentation.

MERCURY.

But why ſo? it is not proper that all men ſhould lament.—But have done with this pettiſh childiſh talk, and give a welcome to Plutus. The gifts of Jupiter are not to be treated thus.

PLUTUS.

Will you only hear, Timon, what I have to ſay for myſelf? or will you take it ill, if I ſpeak?

TIMON.

To oblige this gentleman, I will hear what you can ſay. But none of your tedious nonſenſical circumlocutions, pr'ythee now! I like not your provoking ſpeech-makers, not I!

PLUTUS.

I might have expected your permiſſion to ſay a good deal on ſo copious a ſubject; for you have

have not been ſparing of accuſations. But weigh the matter fairly, and then ſee if ever I did you harm. It is true, I was the means of all your pleaſure, of all your honours. It was I that wove your garlands, and was the miniſter of joy. By my means it was, that all eyes were fixed on you, all talked of you, all coveted your company. If your flatterers injured you, am I to be blamed for that? I have much more reaſon to blame you, for throwing me ſo ſhamefully away upon ſuch unſufferable raſcals, who bewitched you with their praiſes, and practiſed every ſneaking art to obtain me. Your accuſation of treachery in deſerting you, may very fairly be retorted on yourſelf, who kicked me neck and heels out of your houſe. When behold! inſtead of the fine cloak you had been uſed to, your beloved Poverty arrayed you in her hairy doublet! Mercury is my witneſs, how I begged and prayed of Jupiter not to ſend me to you. For I knew what I had to expect.

MERCURY.

But obſerve! Plutus, he is now quite another thing. Do not be backward. Do you, Timon, dig

dig on. And do you, Plutus, convey Theſaurus under the ſpade. He will attend to your call.

TIMON.

Well, if I muſt be rich again, I muſt. There is no contending againſt the Gods. But alas! alas! into what trouble and vexation are you plunging a poor fellow, who was very happy, and did nothing in the world to deſerve being tormented all at once with ſo much money!

MERCURY.

I beg you will bear with this heavy grievance, as well as you can; that your former flatterers may burſt with envy. I ſhall fly back over Ætna to Heaven.

PLUTUS.

He flutters his wings, and is gone. Do you ſtay here, till I go and ſend Theſaurus. But ſtrike harder. I charge you, Theſaurus, to be at his bidding, and put yourſelf in the way of his ſpade. Dig deeper, Timon. I leave you.

TIMON.

Come then, my truſty ſpade, let me ſee what thou canſt do towards digging up Theſaurus

into day-light! O Jupiter, the miracle-monger! O Mercury, the gold-finder! and the friendly Corybantes! whence in the name of wonder comes all this money? I am afraid I am dreaming; and that, when I wake, it will prove to be coals. It is real coin, in good troth! fine, bluſhing, weighty metal, doing one's eyes good to behold it! [*n*] O gold! how deſirable art thou to mortals [*o*]! Thou ſhineſt brighter than a warm fire, and ſhineſt night and day! Come, my precious, my deareſt, come! Now I believe that Jupiter transformed himſelf to gold! What fair virgin would not with open arms receive ſo briſk a lover jumping through the tiles? Midas and Crœſus, what are you to Timon? All the wealth of Delphi a mere nothing in compariſon of mine! nor is any eaſtern king of them all a match for me! My dear ſpade, my beloved jacket, you may now keep holiday: I will hang you up as an offering to Pan [*p*]. As for myſelf, when I have purchaſed me a piece of ground in a remote corner, and built me a caſtle

[*n*] Ω χρυσε, δεξιωμα καλλιστον βροτοις. Euripides.

[*o*] Αιθομενον γαρ πυρ αΐτε διαπρεπεις.

Pindar. Hymn. Ol. 1.

[*p*] Under whoſe protection he had lately been.

upon

upon it, to guard my money and myſelf alone, there will I live, and there will I be buried. For the remainder of my life, know all men by theſe preſents, that I am reſolved to fly from, forget, and deſpiſe them all! Tell me of friendſhip, or hoſpitality, or ſociety, or pity! it is all a jeſt! to compaſſionate the afflicted, to ſuccour the diſtreſſed, is a heinous tranſgreſſion, the bane of morality! Happy wolves [q], who live alone! Timon is reſolved, like you, to think himſelf his only friend, hating and deteſting all others, as ſo many implacable enemies, or inſidious aſſaſſins. Accordingly to converſe with any one of them, I will think an abomination; nay, ſhould I look at any one, accurſed be the day! In all reſpects they ſhall be no more to me than ſo many ſtocks or ſtones; I will neither receive any meſſage from, nor make any bargain with, them. Solitude ſhall be the guardian of my peace! Relations, companions, countrymen, and all the reſt, inſipid nonſenſe! the affectation of fools! Let Timon alone be rich, deſpiſing all others!

[q] Μοναχος διαιτα. Theſe two words tempted Tiberius Hempſterhuſius to be witty. Tiberius declares, though a very grave man, that wolves are a ſpecies of monks.

let Timon revel by himſelf, not peſtered with flattery, not loaded with praiſe! let him ſacrifice, let him feaſt alone; and, ſhaking off all others, be neighbour and gueſt to himſelf! On every occaſion, let him love, and aſſociate with, only himſelf; and, if he muſt die, let him put on his garland [r] himſelf! May he ever cheriſh that moſt precious name, Timon the Man-hater! may moroſeneſs, ill-nature, pride, perverſeneſs, inhumanity, ſullenneſs, ſuperciliouſneſs, and ill-breeding, characterize my favourite manners! If I ſhall happen to ſee a man burning in the fire, and begging one, for heaven's ſake, to relieve him, I will quench it by pouring in pitch and oil. If a poor fellow has been overtaken by a torrent, and holds out a hand for me to ſave him, I ſhall be ſure to puſh him in over head and ears. In this manner am I reſolved to be even with mankind. This is the law of Timon, the ſon of Echechratides, the Colyttean, propoſed, carried, and confirmed by himſelf; and which he himſelf will ever maintain! I would

[r] Thoſe, who had run the race of life, were crowned as conquerors. The cuſtom ſtill prevails. See Lettres ſur la Grece, par Monſieur Guys.

give

give a good deal, that all the world knew how rich I am: I am ſure they could not fail to hang themſelves. But heyday! what is the matter here? ſwarms of duſty fellows on all ſides of me puffing and blowing—I fancy they ſmell the gold. I have a good mind to get up upon this bank, that I may pelt them the better with ſtones—No—I will break my law for once—I will do myſelf the pleaſure of ſpeaking to them, that my contempt of them may cut their very ſouls. That, I think, will be beſt. So I will ſtay here to receive them. So! who is this that comes firſt? Gnathonides the paraſite—He lately offered me a halter, civil gentleman! when I begged ſomething of him to buy a ſupper. The raſcal ere now has ſwilled many a hogſhead of my wine. However, I am glad to ſee him the very firſt man: he ſhall hang his lip preſently, I warrant him.

GNATHONIDES.

I ſaid the Gods could never long neglect ſo worthy a gentleman! the handſome, good-natured, generous, jovial Timon! Sir, I am your moſt obedient ſervant.

TIMON.

What? the moſt rapacious of all vultures! the greateſt villain upon earth! Sir, your's!

GNATHONIDES.

Still the ſame, I ſee—witty, fond of a joke—But where ſhall we be jolly together? I have juſt got one of the rareſt catches you ever heard: I will ſing it to you.

TIMON.

With this ſpade I will teach you the fineſt elegy in the world, ſo pathetick, ſo—

GNATHONIDES.

What now? Surely you do not ſtrike me? O dear! O dear! O dear!—he has wounded me ſadly. Bear witneſs—you ſhall appear at Areopagus [s] for this.

TIMON.

Stay one moment longer, and you may lay your indictment for murder. For as ſure as—

[s] A court of juſtice at Athens.

GNATHO-

GNATHONIDES.

No, no—But pray now apply a little gold to the wound: I have heard it is the beſt thing in the world for ſtopping of blood.

TIMON.

Are you not gone?

GNATHONIDES.

I am going. Plague take you! what an alteration here is indeed!

TIMON.

But what bald-pated fellow is this that comes now? Philiades, the moſt execrable of all hypocrites! This honeſt man had a whole farm of me, beſides [t] two talents for his daughter's portion, for praiſing my ſinging. When nobody elſe had the aſſurance to ſay a word, he ſwore my note was ſweeter than that of a dying ſwan. But, when I was lately taken ill, and thought he could not do leſs than afford me every kind office, behold! my gentleman hit me a ſlap in the face, for preſuming to expect it.

[t] 317 *l.* 13 *s.*

PHILIADES.

What impudence! Now, I ſuppoſe, you know Timon! Gnathonides now forſooth vouchſafes a viſit! he is rightly ſerved, and no otherwiſe than ſuch a fellow deſerves. It is for us, who have been his old friends and companions, to pretend to ſpeak to Timon; and not for ſuch upſtarts as he is. And yet I would not intrude neither. My worthy Sir, I hope I ſee you well. You obſerve theſe faithleſs paraſites, true ravens, never preſent but when there is picking! there is no putting truſt in man, as the world goes now-a-days. Vice and ingratitude rule the roaſt! As I was coming along, bringing a talent, for your honour's neceſſary occaſions, I was agreeably ſurprized with the news of your ſudden and vaſt riches. However, as I was almoſt here, I took the liberty of coming on, juſt to hint to your honour what you have to truſt to amongſt men. Not that a gentleman of your underſtanding needs to be told any thing, who might very well have been privy counſellor to Neſtor himſelf.

TIMON.

TIMON.

To be ſure, Sir! But approach a little nearer, Philiades. Let me juſt ſalute you with my ſpade, for the ſake of old acquaintance.

PHILIADES.

The ungrateful monſter has fractured my ſkull, I really believe; purely for offering my friendly advice.

TIMON.

The third man that comes is Demeas the orator, a precious ſcoundrel! He has a decree in his hand, and pretends to be my relation, forſooth. This fellow had been fined ſixteen talents, and was in jail for the debt, which, out of compaſſion, I paid for him, and ſet him at liberty. Afterwards, when he happened to have the diſtribution of the money [u] for the tribe

[u] Two or three oboli uſed to be given to every Athenian, to encourage his attendance on publick occaſions. Pericles is ſaid to have been the firſt author of this inſtitution, for which he was greatly cenſured by his wiſe and virtuous countrymen, who foreſaw the effects it would have. Joſephus the Hiſtorian, without intending any compliment, aſcribes the invention of money to Cain.

of

of Erechtheis, I came to him, and begged of him to give me what fell to my ſhare. But truly he was in doubt of my being a citizen.

DEMEAS.

Hail! Timon, ornament of thy race, pillar of Athens, bulwark of Greece! the people in full convocation, and [w] both the courts await your orders! But, in the firſt place, be pleaſed to hear the bill, which I have got paſſed in your favour: "Whereas Timon, the ſon of Eche-"chratides of Colyttus, not only remarkable "for his virtue and honour, but a man of ſuch "exalted wiſdom, as is not to be paralleled in "Greece, has never ceaſed through his whole "life to confer extraordinary favours on the "commonwealth, hath come off victorious in "boxing, wreſtling, and running at the Olym-"pick games, all in one day; beſides the "Chariot race—"

TIMON.

Why, man, I never ſaw the Olympick games in my life.

[w] The Senate of the five hundred, and the Court of Areopagus. See Potter's Antiquities.

DEMEAS.

DEMEAS.

Pſhaw! what ſignifies that? you will ſee them ſome time or other. I muſt go by the form—" performed wonderful feats of proweſs " laſt year at Acharnæ, and cut to pieces two " diviſions of the Peloponneſians—"

TIMON.

How? I never bore arms in my life! I never ſerved upon any expedition in my born days!

DEMEAS.

Merit is always modeſt. But ill it would become us to forget yours.—" In paſſing laws, " in councils, and in the field, hath rendered " ſignal ſervice to the city: for theſe and ſun- " dry other cauſes them thereunto moving, it " hath ſeemed good to the Senate and people, " to the publick in general, and every indi- " vidual in particular, to erect a golden ſtatue " of Timon in the citadel, as near as may be " to Minerva, graſping a thunderbolt in his " right-hand, and having his head ſurrounded " with rays; that he be crowned with ſeven " golden crowns, as is to be proclaimed this " feaſt

" feaſt of Bacchus (for on Timon's account it " is kept this day). This decree was pro- " nounced by Demeas the orator, the near re- " lation and diſciple of Timon, of Timon who " excels in oratory, as in every thing elſe which " he is pleaſed to undertake." Such is the decree. I could have wiſhed for the honour of introducing my ſon to you, whom I have preſumed to call by your name.

TIMON.

This is abſolutely the firſt time that I have heard of your being married.

DEMEAS.

I hope to be married the next year, which will be juſt as well. And, as ſoon as Providence ſhall have crowned my conjugal endearments with a male child, I will certainly name him Timon.

TIMON.

There! take that! Now what do you think of marrying?

DEMEAS,

DEMEAS.

What now? Oh dear! oh! do you ſet up for a tyrant? dares ſuch a fellow as you, an alien, preſume to ſtrike a gentleman? But you ſhall be brought before your betters, for ſetting the citadel on fire, and for many other crimes, which you have committed.

TIMON.

But the citadel has not been ſet on fire: there you lie.

DEMEAS.

But you have enriched yourſelf by breaking into the treaſury.

TIMON.

But it has not been broken into: there again you lie.

DEMEAS.

It will be by and by. Though indeed you have all the riches of it already.

TIMON.

Take another blow then!

DEMEAS.

DEMEAS.

Oh my back! my back!

TIMON.

Come, make no noiſe, unleſs you want another of the ſame ſort. It would be a great ſhame truly, if I, who, unarmed, cut in pieces two diviſions of the Lacedæmonians, could not break the bones of one poor raſcal. I ſhould be very little the better man at that rate for my boxing, and wreſtling, for my victories at the Olympick games?—But what now? who comes here? Thraſycles the Philoſopher? The very man! Here he comes, hanging his enormous beard, briſtling up his eye-brows, muttering ſome mighty matter to himſelf, looking as gruff as you pleaſe, with his hair ſtanding up, in ſhort another Boreas, ſuch as you ſee puffing and ſwelling his cheeks on the northern edge of an old map. This man, whoſe dreſs and demeanour are ſo decent and modeſt, who is ſo grave and ſo wiſe, in a morning will run you over twenty fine ſpeeches, in praiſe of Piety, and Virtue, and Moderation; moſt devoutly cenſuring all thoſe who tread the ſlippery paths

of

of Pleaſure. But when he comes from the bath to a good ſupper, and the ſervant has ſupplied him with a plentiful cup of good wine, which he hates to adulterate with water; the delicious Lethe quickly makes him forget the ſober documents of the morning, and Thraſycles can be as jovial as the beſt of them. Voracious as a kite, his buſy arms defend the diſh, while, bending over it, his beard ſtreaming with gravy, he gulps like a half-ſtarved hound, expecting no doubt to ſwallow his celebrated Virtue in the laſt remaining mouthful of ſome reliſhing bit. And, though that induſtrious finger of his permits no ſavoury ſediment to lurk in the diſh, yet is he perpetually grumbling, as if he had reaſon to complain of his ſhare; though he has ſecured all the paſtry [x], with the entire boar [x]. After ſo much cramming, he gets drunk, dances, ſings, ſwears, and quarrels. Meanwhile every bumper is prefaced with a panegyrick on temperance and ſobriety, ſtammered out as well as drunken philoſophy will allow. Next begins the operation of his eme-

[x] The Gueſts were accuſtomed to carry home with them the remains of a feaſt.

ticks,

ticks, laſt of all they carry him off, clinging with both his hands to a wench. When this man is ſober, I defy any one to go beyond him, in lying, impudence, or avarice. He can tickle your vanity ſo rarely, forſwear himſelf ſo readily, and impoſe upon you with ſo grave a face, as is not any where to be equalled. In ſhort, he is a finiſhed piece, nicely touched off, and perfectly fine. Yet perhaps the good creature can howl a little.—What, Thraſycles! I have impatiently expected this favour.

THRASYCLES.

I do not come, good Sir, believe me, for the ſame reaſon that others do, who, knowing you to be an honeſt open-hearted unſuſpecting man, expect, by dint of a flattering ſpeech, to get from you your money or your ſupper. Timon needs not be told how little I eſteem what is called good living. The ſimpleſt of all foods, a little creſſes, a little thyme, contents me: except when I have a mind to regale; for then I add a little ſalt. My drink comes from the clear fountain. And this old cloak is more to my ſatisfaction than the fineſt purple. As for gold,

gold, I value it no more than the meaneſt pebble. Far be it from me to eſteem ſuch tranſitory vanities! It was on your account, it was for your advantage, that I came hither, hearing of your dangerous ſituation in the midſt of moſt treacherous, moſt deſtructive riches, the cauſe of unſpeakable miſchief. If you take my advice, you will throw all your money into the ſea; for, ſure I am, a good man, who knows the value of philoſophy, can have no occaſion for any other wealth. Or, ſuppoſe you juſt ſtep gently in up to the middle, and drop your bags quietly into the ſhallow water, while there is nobody to ſee you beſides me your friend. Or, if you do not ſo well approve of that, you may toſs your money out of the houſe in parcels, and in ſums proportioned to the reſpective occaſions of all in want. I would not have you reſerve a ſingle obolus to yourſelf. But doubtleſs, while you thus diſtribute it, if a philoſopher ſhould come in the way, he would have a double or treble ſhare, as it is moſt fitting. Not that I —— Heaven forbid that I ſhould deſire any! Though, to be ſure, if I had a little, I could do good with it amongſt my

friends. This wallet of mine does not hold quite two Ægina buſhels [*y*]. If you would be ſo good as juſt to fill it for me, I ſhould be ſatisfied. For a philoſopher ought to be contented with a little, and not extend his deſires beyond his wallet.

TIMON.

You are moſt undoubtedly in the right: I cannot but commend what you ſay, friend Thraſycles. So, if you pleaſe, before I fill your wallet, I will juſt take meaſure of your head with my ſpade, that I may match it with many a hearty bang.

THRASYCLES.

Here is fine work! what will this world come to? Where are your laws and your liberty, if an honeſt man is to be thus beaten by a vile ruffian?

TIMON.

My good Thraſycles, do not be angry; I ſcorn to cheat you. Rather than you ſhould

[*y*] The medimnus or buſhel of Athens contained 4 pecks 6 pints 3,501 ſolid inches. That of Ægina was much larger.

complain,

complain, I will give you over-meaſure.—Heaven and Earth! what a rabble is here! Blepſias, and Laches, and Gniphon, and a whole army, who ſhall every man of them repent of his viſit. But my poor ſpade muſt have a little reſt: it has had hard duty. I will even get up upon this rock, and ply the dogs with a ſhower of ſtones.

BLEPSIAS.

Forbear! forbear! we are all going.

TIMON.

Not without loſing a little blood [z], I believe.

[z] The victorious Timon inſinuates his claim to a triumph, which was not granted for what the Greeks called αναιμωλι νικην, *incruenta victoria*, a victory obtained without blood.

CHARON:

OR,

THE OBSERVERS.

On the Vanity of HUMAN LIFE.

CHARON:

OR,

THE OBSERVERS.

MERCURY and CHARON.

MERCURY.

WHY ſo merry, Charon? Pray what is the meaning of thus leaving your veſſel and coming up hither? You did not uſe to mind matters above ground.

CHARON.

I longed to ſee how affairs go on in this world, what men are doing in it, and what it is that they ſo lament the loſs of, when they come down to us. For not a ſoul of them ever ſteps into my boat without tears. I there-

fore aſked leave of Pluto to quit my employment, and, like the young Theſſalian [a], ſpend one day above ground. And I think I have been very lucky to meet with you, who are ſo well acquainted here; and who, I am ſure, as I am a ſtranger, will go about with me, and ſhew me every thing.

MERCURY.

I have not time, Mr. Ferryman. I am going about ſome buſineſs relating to mortals, which the ſupreme Jupiter has ſet me upon. You know very well how little a matter makes him angry. If he ſhould catch me loitering away my time, he may take it into his head to confine me conſtantly amongſt you in darkneſs. Or, he may poſſibly ſerve me as he did [b] Vulcan not long ago, take me by a foot, and toſs me out of Heaven; that the poor Blackſmith may not be the only limping waiter for the Gods to laugh at.

CHARON.

And can you leave your old comrade, companion, and ſhip-mate, to ſhift for himſelf in a

[a] Proteſilaus.
[b] Hom. Il. i. ver. 590.

ſtrange

ſtrange place? would you ſuffer me to wander about at random by myſelf upon earth, where I know nobody? Pray remember, O ſon of Maia, that I never once deſired you to ſtrike a ſtroke at either the pump or the oar. With thoſe broad ſhoulders of yours, you lie ſtretched at your length, ſnoring on the deck: except when you can find ſome talkative ghoſt, to goſſip with all the way. Old as I am, I am obliged to manage the two oars myſelf, without any aſſiſtance from you. But, for your father's ſake, my dear little Mercury, do not leave me ſo! Shew me what is to be ſeen in human life; that, when I go back, I may have ſomething to ſay. If you leave me, I ſhall be never the better for coming. As a blind man ſtaggers in the dark, ſo ſhall I blunder in the light. Do, my dear Cyllenius, go with me; I will remember your kindneſs as long as I live.

MERCURY.

I ſhall be well beaten, I ſee plainly, on this occaſion: my complaiſance in accompanying you will be rewarded with a good drubbing. But what can one do? There is no holding out againſt

againſt the importunities of a friend. But as to your ſeeing every thing particularly, that, my good Sir, is impracticable. For it would require your living here many years. The conſequence of which would be, I ſhould be advertiſed by Jupiter, as a deſerter; and you, by neglecting your works of death, and conveying no ghoſts for ſo long a time, would grievouſly injure the empire of Pluto. Æacus too the Toll-gatherer would be plaguily vexed at not earning a ſingle obolus. Our buſineſs therefore is, to conſult on the beſt method for you to obtain a general view of the principal things.

CHARON.

You are the beſt judge how to proceed: I can ſay nothing to it, being an entire ſtranger.

MERCURY.

We muſt get upon ſome eminence, from whence you may have a proſpect all round you. I wiſh you could get up into Heaven: then I ſhould be eaſy. For that would be high enough in all conſcience to ſee any thing from. But ſince you, the conſtant aſſociate of murky ghoſts,

ghoſts, muſt not ſet a foot on the threſhold of Jove, we muſt look out for a hill high enough for our purpoſe.

CHARON.

You know in what manner I am uſed to talk to you in our voyage over the Styx. When the wind is contrary, and the waves run high, you, who know nothing at all of the matter, are for having me to furl my ſail, or let go the bowline, or run right before the wind; but I always tell you, your only buſineſs is to ſit ſtill, for I know beſt what is to be done. Do you act, now you are pilot, in the ſame manner: I, as it becomes a paſſenger, will ſit quiet and obey.

MERCURY.

You are right. I know very well what is to be done, and will look out a proper place. Let me ſee—what do you think of Caucaſus? or Parnaſſus ſtill higher? or Olympus higher than both? Stay—while I am ſtaring at Olympus, a thought is come into my head—but I ſhall want your help.

CHARON.

CHARON.

Only ſay the word: I will do my very beſt.

MERCURY.

Homer the poet tells us, that the [c] two ſons of Aloeus, when they were but lads, took it into their heads, that, by tearing Oſſa up by the roots, and piling it upon Olympus, with Pelion between, they might furniſh out a very convenient ladder, to climb up to Heaven by. The young raſcals were deſervedly puniſhed for their impudence. But I ſee no manner of reaſon why we two may not follow their manner of building, and roll mountains upon mountains; ſince we have no ill deſigns againſt the gods, and only intend mending our proſpect.

CHARON.

You do not ſuppoſe that we two have ſtrength to lift up Pelion or Oſſa!

MERCURY.

No! what, do you think that we two gods cannot match a couple of ſnivelling infants?

[c] Hom. Odyſ. ii. ver. 311.

CHARON.

CHARON.

Yes; but it is a difficult taſk, let me tell you.

MERCURY.

You are an illiterate fellow, Charon, not converſant in poetry. The good man Homer has the knack of compounding mountains ſo readily, that, at the expence of only two lines, he makes you a high road to heaven. But I wonder you ſhould think this any thing extraordinary, when you cannot but know how Atlas bears up the world, which bears up you and me and all of us. Did you never hear, that my brother Hercules gave him a little reſpite, putting his own back under the burden?

CHARON.

I have heard ſuch ſtories undoubtedly: but how true they are, you and the poets may look to that.

MERCURY.

True! they are moſt certainly true. What, do you think, ſhould make ſuch wiſe men lie? So let us fairly fall to work, and weigh up Oſſa firſt,

firſt, as our Architect's poem preſcribes. Then Pelion all [*d*] trembling with tears will we ſet upon Oſſa. Only mind how eaſily and poetically we have done the buſineſs! I will get up, and ſee if it be high enough, or whether we muſt lay on more. Alas! we have hardly got to the ſkirts of Heaven! One can but juſt diſcern Ionia and Lydia on the Eaſt, and Italy and Sicily on the weſt. On the north one may juſt make out the parts about the Iſter, and that way is a dim appearance of Crete. We muſt go to work again, Mr. Ferryman, and hoiſt up Oeta too, and then ſet Parnaſſus on the top of all.

CHARON.

Yes, but let us take care of making our work too ſlight; leſt, if we do, we ſhould break our necks from our Homerical edifice.

MERCURY.

Never fear: all will be ſafe enough. Firſt remove Oeta; and then let us have Parnaſſus. Now I will make a ſecond experiment. O rare! I can ſee every thing. Come, come, get up.

[*d*] Ενοσιφυλλον.

CHARON.

CHARON.

Pr'ythee, Mercury, lend me a hand: it is not ſo very eaſy to get up ſuch a height.

MERCURY.

You want to ſee every thing, Charon: there is no ſuch thing as gratifying your curioſity without ſome riſque of a fall. But lay hold of my hand, and mind where you ſet your foot. Well done! now you are up. Parnaſſus, you ſee, has two tops; ſo let each of us take one for a ſeat. Now look all round you, and obſerve.

CHARON.

I ſee much land, with a vaſt lake ſurrounding it. I ſee alſo mountains, and rivers larger than Cocytus and Periphlegethon. Then there are little things of men too, and their caves.

MERCURY.

Caves! thoſe caves, as you call them, are cities.

CHARON.

Do you know, Mercury, that we have been yet doing nothing at all? We might as well

have left Parnaſſus at reſt with its fountain, and never diſturbed Oeta and theſe other huge hills.

MERCURY.

Why ſo?

CHARON.

There is no perceiving any thing with exactneſs from ſuch a height. I did not only want to ſee mountains and cities, as one ſees them in a map; but to ſee the men, to hear what they ſay, and ſee what they do. Juſt as when we two met, you found me laughing, and aſked me the reaſon; I had juſt heard ſomething, which delighted me extremely.

MERCURY.

What was it?

CHARON.

A man had promiſed his friend to ſup with him the next day; and before the words were well out of his mouth, a tile (Heaven knows who threw it) fell from the houſe-top, and beat his brains out. I laughed at his not keeping his word.—But there is no ſeeing or hearing any thing well here: I ſhall go down.

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

Be quiet: I will remedy the inconvenience you complain of, and cure your ſhortſightedneſs in an inſtant, by the application of only a ſcrap of Homer. But remember to make a proper uſe of the charm: you muſt blunder no more.

CHARON.

Well, what is it?

MERCURY.

[e] The cloud, which veil'd thy eyes, I took away,
That gods and men might ſeem in open day.

CHARON.

Humph!

MERCURY.

Now can you ſee?

CHARON.

See! Lynceus [f] himſelf never ſaw half ſo clearly! Now, I hope, you will give me information in anſwer to my enquiries. Simple

[e] Hom. Il. v. ver. 127.
[f] Who could ſee diſtinctly 130 miles, or thereabouts.

as I ſit here, I alſo know ſomething of Homer: will you let me aſk queſtions from him?

MERCURY.

How ſhould an old Ferryman, who is continually tugging his oars, know any thing of Homer?

CHARON.

Do not upbraid me with my profeſſion. I carried him over, after he died, and ſtill remember ſomething of the many ſongs, which he favoured us with. You muſt know we had an exceeding bad paſſage. For Homer having begun a ditty inauſpicious to the paſſengers, about Neptune's collecting the clouds, and raiſing a commotion in the waves, by ſtriking his trident into the ſea, like a ladle into a porridge-pot; how he raiſed all the ſtorms, and tumbled about the waters—while he was thus confounding the ſea with his verſes, on a ſudden, ſuch a tempeſt, with ſo black a cloud, fell upon us, that it was a hundred to one our veſſel was not turned topſy-turvy. Homer himſelf was ſea-

ſick, and [g] vomited up a great deal of his poem, with Scylla, Charybdis, and Cyclops.

MERCURY.

It was no hard matter then for you to pick up a little from ſo copious a diſcharge.

CHARON.

But tell me,

[b] What mighty fellow's that, ſo big, ſo tall,
By head and ſhoulders overtopping all?

MERCURY.

That is Milo, the wreſtler of Croton, famous amongſt the Greeks, for carrying a bull on his back over the Olympick race-ground.

CHARON.

I think I am a much greater man, who muſt ſoon take up Milo himſelf, and put him aboard

[g] It was the pride of ancient bards to ſee themſelves repreſented in the ſame picture with Homer; in which they were employed in ſwallowing greedily and thankfully what, ever evacuation their father vouchſafed to make. Γαλαῖων ὁ ζωγραφος ἐγραψε τον μεν Ὁμηρον αὐλον ἐμουσᾶ, τους δε αλλους ποιησας τα ἐμημεσμενα ἀρυομενους. Ælian. V. H. xiii. 22.

[b] Hom. Il. iii. ver. 226.

of my little boat. Death, that invincible champion, will give him a fall in a way unknown to him; after which he will lament not a little, when he thinks of his former honours. At preſent my gentleman is proud enough of being ſo much admired for carrying the bull. I wonder whether he has any notion of dying.

MERCURY.

Would you have him think of dying, in the very prime of life?

CHARON.

Let him alone. It will not be long before he will afford us excellent ſport, in his paſſage over the Styx. He, who can now carry a bull, will not then have ſtrength to lift a gnat.—But who is that other grave venerable gentleman? He is no Greek, by his dreſs.

MERCURY.

That man, Charon, is Cyrus, the ſon of Cambyſes, who transferred the empire of the Medes to the Perſians. Since that he has overcome the Aſſyrians, and ſubdued Babylon. He is now preparing an expedition into Lydia; that,

that, having conquered Crœſus, he may be king over all.

CHARON.

And where is that Crœſus?

MERCURY.

Look that way to that great caſtle, fortified by a triple wall; that is Sardis. Do not you ſee Crœſus there, ſitting on a golden throne, conferring with Solon the Athenian? ſhall we liſten to what they ſay?

CHARON.

By all means.

CRŒSUS.

And now, my Athenian friend, you have ſeen my riches, beheld my immenſe treaſures, the abundance of my bullion, the furniture of my palace, equally elegant and expenſive: tell me, who, in your opinion, is the happieſt man?

CHARON.

What do you think Solon will ſay?

MERCURY.

Depend upon it, Charon, he will ſay ſomething to the purpoſe.

SOLON.

Few, very few, O Croeſus, can be called happy; but, of all my acquaintance, I think that Cleobis and Biton, ſons of the Prieſteſs, are moſt ſo.

CHARON.

He means the ſons of the Argive Prieſteſs: they died together, after having drawn their mother in a waggon to the Temple.

CRŒSUS.

Well, they are happieſt! and pray who is next to them?

SOLON.

Tellus, the Athenian; who, after living a life of virtue, died for his country.

CRŒSUS.

But do not you think, you poor raſcal, that I am happy?

SOLON.

SOLON.

There is no judging, Crœſus, as yet; be cauſe you have not run your race. The hand of death points out the degree of happineſs: a happy life muſt be a life well ended.

CHARON.

Well ſaid, Solon! you are much in the right. It is my boat, which brings things to a criſis.— But who are thoſe fellows that Crœſus is diſpatching, and what are thoſe loads on their backs?

MERCURY.

He is going to dedicate ingots of gold to Apollo, in return for an oracle, which will be the [i] ruin of him. The poor man is wonderfully fond of fortune-tellers.

CHARON.

[i] Crœſus ſending to the Oracle at Delphi to know the iſſue of his war, and continuance of his kingdome, was anſwered to the firſt, that if he made war with the Perſians, he ſhould overthrow a great kingdome; and to the ſecond, that his eſtate ſhould ſuffer no alteration till ſuch time as a mule ſhould raigne over the Medes: thus he making conſtruction of the former, the beſt way for himſelf, and grounding upon the impoſſibilitie of the later, brought his king-

CHARON.

Is that gold, that ſhining [*k*] pale red thing? This is the very firſt time I ever ſaw that which I have heard ſo much about.

MERCURY.

That is the name: it is that celebrated thing, for which the world is in arms.

CHARON.

I can ſee nothing it is good for, unleſs it be to overload thoſe who carry it.

dome to deſtruction, and himſelf to ruine; but afterwards queſtioning Apollo for the truth of the Oracle, was anſwered that the Oracle was not in the fault, but his owne miſconſtruction, for by the great kingdom was not meant the Perſians but his owne, and that of the mule was made good in Cyrus his conquerour, who was borne of parents of divers countries, his mother being daughter to Aſtyages king of the Medes, and his father a Perſian and a ſubject, and was ſo in all things like a mule which is begotten by a hee aſſe and a mare, being more noble by the mother's ſide than the father's. Francis Hicks. Herodotus.

[*k*] The Antients conſtantly attribute ſome degree of paleneſs to gold. Diogenes, being aſked the reaſon why gold looked pale, ſaid, it was owing to fear. Diogenes Laertius, VI. 51.

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

Little do you know how many wars, plots, robberies, perjuries, murders, priſons, what long voyages, what traffick, what ſlavery—

CHARON.

To get gold! O heaven and earth! which is ſomething better than braſs! I can ſpeak to this point, becauſe I am well acquainted with braſs, exacting a piece of every paſſenger.

MERCURY.

True. But braſs is not valued, becauſe it is ſo plentiful. But, to obtain a bit of the other precious thing, men are glad to dig out the bowels of the earth. It is born of the ſame parents, you obſerve, as lead and other metals.

CHARON.

How ſtupid are mankind, to be thus beſotted!

MERCURY.

Solon does not appear to be greatly in love with it. He is laughing at Crœſus, and deſpiſing his barbarous pride. He queſtions him about ſomewhat. Let us liſten.

SOLON.

SOLON.

Do you ſuppoſe, Crœſus, that Apollo has any want of theſe ingots?

CRŒSUS.

Want! by Jupiter, all Delphi cannot produce ſuch an offering!

SOLON.

And you think to make a happy God of him, by adding to his poſſeſſions theſe ingots of gold!

CRŒSUS.

Yes.

SOLON.

There muſt be very poor doings in Heaven; if, when the gods want gold, they muſt fetch it from Lydia.

CRŒSUS.

In what other place could ſuch plenty be had?

SOLON.

Does Lydia produce iron?

CRŒSUS.

CRŒSUS.

No.

SOLON.

Then you want the better metal.

CRŒSUS.

What! iron better than gold!

SOLON.

If you will only keep your temper, and anſwer my queſtions, I can make it appear.

CRŒSUS.

Speak then.

SOLON.

Who merit the greater praiſe, the defenders, or the defended?

CRŒSUS.

The defenders aſſuredly.

SOLON.

Well then, if Cyrus ſhould make an inroad into Lydia, (and they ſay he deſigns it) would you give golden ſwords to your men? or would not iron ones be more commodious?

CRŒSUS.

CRŒSUS.

Iron would be better.

SOLON.

And, if iron is not provided, that immenſe heap of gold of yours muſt fall into the hands of the Perſians.

CRŒSUS.

Softly, my good friend; have a care what you ſay.

SOLON.

Nay, I wiſh not for ſuch an event. But you plainly ſee by the ſuppoſition, that iron is to be preferred.

CRŒSUS.

Then, I ſuppoſe, you would have me countermand my golden ingots, and make Apollo an offering of iron?

SOLON.

I fancy the God has as little occaſion for the one as the other. But, whether you conſecrate braſs, or gold, or whatever you will, it will be only ſetting ſo much apart for others, for Phocis,

Phocis, for Bœotia, or Delphi, for ſome king, or ſome robber. As to Apollo, I promiſe you, he cares not a ruſh for goldmongers.

CRŒSUS.

You are for ever quarrelling and grumbling about my riches.

MERCURY.

You ſee, Charon, that the Lydian can bear any thing better than the plain truth. He thinks it a thing unaccountable, that a poor man ſhould ſpeak his mind to him without trembling. But he will find occaſion to remember Solon by and by, when, being made priſoner by Cyrus, he ſhall be obliged to aſcend the burning pile. I lately overheard Clotho reading the book of fate, in which every man's deſtiny is ſet down; and, amongſt other things, it was decreed, that Crœſus ſhould be taken priſoner by Cyrus, and that Cyrus himſelf ſhould be ſlain by a woman. Do you ſee that Scythian queen there, riding upon a white horſe?

CHARON.

Yes.

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

That is Tomyris, who is to cut off Cyrus's head, and throw it into a veſſel full of blood. Do you ſee that youth, the ſon of Cyrus? That is Cambyſes, who is to ſucceed his father in the empire; and who, after a thouſand blunders in Libya and Æthiopia, ſhall kill Apis [*l*], and die mad.

CHARON.

Ridiculous! at preſent there is no ſuch thing as looking them in the face, they are ſo proud forſooth. Indeed who could believe, that one of them will ſoon be a priſoner, and the other have his inſatiable throat drenched in blood?—But who is that, Mercury, buttoned up in a purple robe, with a diadem on his head, to whom

In circled iſle, the cook preſents a ring,
Cut from a fiſh; who boaſts himſelf a king [*m*]?

[*l*] Apis was a king of Ægypt, who underſtood Huſbandry; for which reaſon, he was, after his death, worſhipped as an ox. The Iſraelites, who could not entirely conquer their Ægyptian prejudice, adored a calf.

[*m*] Hom. Od. I. ver. 50 and 180.

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

O rare Charon! you can ſay and ſing too! That is Polycrates [n], the tyrant of Samos, who plumes himſelf on being completely happy. He ſhall be betrayed by Mæandrius, his domeſtick who ſtands by him, into the hands of Orætes, who will hang him on a gibbet, parting him and his happineſs in a moment. This too I heard from Clotho.

CHARON.

Bravely done, Clotho! Go on, cut off their heads, and crucify them, till they begin to think they are but men. Exalt them highly, that they may fall heavily. I ſhall laugh to ſee every man of them ſtark naked in my boat.

[n] Polycrates, after an uninterrupted flow of proſperity, was adviſed by Amaſis king of Ægypt, to keep fortune in her preſent humour, by giving her that which he valued moſt. Accordingly he threw into the ſea with great form his favourite ring. But, after a few days, a fine fiſh being preſented to him, which was thought too good for any body elſe, the ring was found in its belly. This being conſidered as portending no good to Polycrates, the prudent Amaſis would have nothing more to do with him. It was better, he thought, to deſert a friend, than to feel his diſtreſs. Herodotus, p. 112. Cicero de finibus, near the end.

No

No purple, no tiara, no golden beds are there!

MERCURY.

Such is human greatneſs!—But do not you ſee a vaſt multitude of people, ſailors, ſoldiers, lawyers, farmers, uſurers, beggars?

CHARON.

I ſee a motley multitude truly, and the world full of confuſion; cities like ſwarms of bees, in which every one has a ſting to deſtroy his neighbour. Thoſe, who cannot defend themſelves, are ranſacked, robbed, and pillaged by the waſps [o].—But that obſcure troop which hovers about, who are they?

MERCURY.

Thoſe, Charon, are Hope, and Fear, and Folly, and Pleaſure, and Avarice, and Anger, and Hatred, and Jealouſy, and Doubt. Fear and Hope fly over head: the former ſtrikes, per-

[o] Ολιγοι δε τινες, ωσπερ σφηκες, αγυσι και φερουσι τον υποδικτηρα. It is wonderful that ſo many learned men ſhould render this αγυσι και φερουσι agunt feruntque. See Pearce's Longinus, p. 173.

plexes, and confounds: the latter, but juſt out of reach, when men moſt think of ſeizing it, on a ſudden gives them the ſlip, and leaves the fools gaping after it; juſt as you have ſeen Tantalus ſerved by the water, conſtantly eluding his thirſty lips. If you obſerve, you will ſee the Parcæ ſpinning out human deſtiny; every man is fixed to a ſpindle, by threads as fine as a ſpider's web.

CHARON.

I ſee a very ſlender ſtring that every man muſt hold by; which is generally interwoven and entangled with ſome other.

MERCURY.

Even ſo, Mr. Waterman. For it is decreed that one man ſhall be killed by another, and that other by a third; this man ſhall be heir to one with a ſhorter thread, and another to him. This explains the connexion you obſerve amongſt the ſeveral threads. How weak is the line that every one hangs by! This man is ſeen very high, ſuſpended aloft: but the thread will break with his weight, and the fall will be the greater. Another, who was raiſed but a little,

falls with little noiſe, and is hardly taken notice of by his neighbours.

CHARON.

Truly, Mercury, you give a pleaſant account of mankind!

MERCURY.

No words can ſufficiently expreſs their folly. Whilſt full of hope, and emulous in abſurdity, comes arbiter Death, and ends the diſpute! Death, you ſee, employs many meſſengers and agents, as agues, fevers, conſumptions, peripneumonies, ſwords, thieves, poiſon, judges, tyrants. Alackaday! while the world wags well, they never once think of any of theſe. But, if once their matters miſcarry, immediately all is weeping and wailing. Surely, if they would ſet out with the reſolution to believe themſelves mortal, and that they are to ſojourn but a ſhort ſpace in this world, and then to depart, as out of a dream;—if they would but conſider the neceſſity of leaving every thing behind them, they could not but live more wiſely, and die with leſs concern. As it is, they act as if their enjoyments

enjoyments on earth were to laſt for ever. When therefore the miniſter of Death calls them aſide, and carries them away fettered by a fever or conſumption, they are pleaſed to take it extremely ill, and be very angry; they do not underſtand ſuch uſage, and never dreamed of being dragged away in this manner. A man would ſcarcely be in ſuch a hurry of building, if he knew he was haſtening to his own end, and that before he ſaw the roof well laid, he muſt give up the houſe to his heir, without ever eating or drinking in it. The father of a newborn ſon, who entertains his friends ſo chearfully, and is ſo pleaſed with communicating his own name, would not be ſo much elevated with joy, if he knew that his boy is to die at the age of ſeven years. The cauſe of his rejoicing is, that he thinks of nothing but the happy father, whoſe ſon is diſtinguiſhed by fame, victorious at the Olympick games. Alas! he regards not his neighbour, who is bearing his child to the funeral pile, nor bethinks himſelf how ſlenderly he was ſuſpended. What wrangling and contending you ſee about the limits of a hedge! what an endleſs raking and ſcrap-

ing together of money! but, before the day of enjoyment, behold the arrival of thoſe meſſengers of Fate!

CHARON.

I ſee how matters go; and am thinking with myſelf, what there can be ſo very engaging in life, that makes men ſo unwilling to leave it.

MERCURY.

If any one ſhould examine the condition of kings, who ſeem to be the happieſt of all men, and beyond the reach of uncertainty and ill fortune; he would find their ſorrows much more numerous than their joys: to ſuch fears, confuſion, hatred, plotting, rage, and flattery, are the wretched things called princes expoſed! I mention not the ſorrows, diſeaſes, and diſtreſſes, which are equally incident to men of all conditions. And, if ſuch be the condition of a king, it is not difficult to imagine that of a private man.

CHARON.

I will tell you, Mercury, what I have been thinking of. You have ſeen the bubbles, that compoſe

compoſe the froth, in a rapid fall of water; of which ſome are ſmall, and burſt almoſt as ſoon as formed; ſome laſt longer, and, being united with others, ſwell to a conſiderable ſize; yet theſe too ſoon diſappear: ſuch is human life. All men are puffed up with air, ſome more, ſome leſs. Some can juſt for a moment keep up the inflation; others loſe it before they well have it; but all, like bubbles, muſt burſt at laſt.

MERCURY.

Your ſimile, in my mind, is not inferior to that of Homer, who compares the generations of men to the [p] leaves of trees.

CHARON.

Yet, ſuch as they are, you ſee, Mercury, how they behave! how they quarrel about dignities, honours, and poſſeſſions! all which they will be obliged to leave behind them, except one poor obolus for me! I have a good mind (now we are upon an eminence) to call out as loud as I can, adviſing them to forbear their idle

[p] Hom. Il. vi. ver. 146.

purſuits, and live, as they ought to do, in daily expectation of death.—Holla! have done, ye fools! What would ye be at? You are not to ſtay in this world for ever! not one of theſe fine things will laſt! there is no taking them with you, when you die! you muſt quit the premiſes ſtark naked! houſes and land and money muſt perpetually be changing their maſters!—Do not you think, Mercury, that, if I were to bawl all this truth in their ears, they would turn over a new leaf, and mend their manners?

MERCURY.

O Charon, how you talk! They are ſo choaked up with ignorance and error, that you could not open their ears with an auger. Ulyſſes [q] did not more effectually guard his companions againſt the ſongs of the Syrens, by filling their ears with wax. You might roar till you ſplit; it would be all in vain; for ignorance operates to the ſame effect here, as the potion of Lethe below. And yet it muſt be owned there are a few attentive to the voice of truth, and able to ſee and diſtinguiſh things as they really are.

[q] Hom. Od. xii. ver. 173.

CHARON.

Suppoſe then I ſhould direct my admonition to them?

MERCURY.

That would be only to tell them what they already know. You ſee they are a people diſtinct from the reſt, who heartily deſpiſe the things of this world, and are preparing to ſhew a fair pair of heels, and leave it. And indeed the world will forgive them when they do; for whoever reproves folly is ſure to be hated for his pains.

CHARON.

Well done! brave fellows! though they are but few.

MERCURY.

It is well there are any.—But now let us go down.

CHARON.

There is yet one thing more which I would fain know; after which I cannot deſire to give you any more trouble: where are the repoſi-

tories, which they make in the earth, for dead bodies?

MERCURY.

You mean the graves, tombs, and ſepulchres. Obſerve thoſe hillocks, pillars, and pyramids [r] before the cities: all thoſe are places, where dead bodies are received and laid up.

CHARON.

What do they mean by perfuming and placing garlands on the ſtones? There are ſome, who have raiſed up a pile before the heaps of earth, and have dug a pit, where they are burning expenſive banquets. They pour wine into the hole, as far as I can ſee, together with a mixture of wine and water and honey.

MERCURY.

Really, Charon, I cannot ſee what good all this can do to perſons in the other world. But

[r] The Ancients were not fond of poiſoning their moſt frequented places with the effluvia of dead bodies. Only ſuch as had greatly diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the publick ſervice, were permitted to be buried within their cities, and eſpecially in their temples. The Moderns are not ſo ſcrupulous in this particular.

they

they are perſuaded, no doubt, that ghoſts frequently take a turn up ſtairs, fluttering about the ſmoke of their graves, picking a bit of ſupper, or taking a little drink from the pit, as they can get it.

CHARON.

I ſhould be a fool to ſuppoſe, that you, Mercury, who conduct them to me every day, ſhould want to be informed, that thoſe, whoſe ſkulls are as dry as duſt, can neither eat nor drink. You can give a pretty good gueſs, whether a man, who is once fairly under ground, ever comes up again. I ſhould be finely employed, if, beſides my continual trouble to get them down, I muſt be obliged to bring them up again, to drink! O miſerable fools! not to know the immenſe diſtance between the living and the dead, and how matters go amongſt us!

Buried, unburied, with, without a name,
Iris and Agamemnon are the ſame!
The head of Thetis' ſon, ſo fam'd, ſo fair,
As ugly as Therſites' and as bare!
Together in the daffodils they go,
All dry, all naked, all alike below [s]!

[s] A Cento from Hom. Il. i. Od. 10. &c. A ſly rogue, who loves to entrap unwary vanity, pretended to ſuſpect, that theſe verſes were ſtolen from Pope.

MERCURY.

Bleſs me! you have all Homer by heart. But now you have juſt put it into my head, I can ſhew you the tomb of Achilles. There it is, on the promontory of Sigæum, near the ſea. Over-againſt him in Rhœteum lies Ajax.

CHARON.

There is nothing grand in their monuments. But cannot you favour me with a ſight of thoſe famous cities, of which we have heard ſo much below? I mean Ninive, the city of Sardanapalus, Babylon, Mycenæ, Cleonæ, and Troy itſelf: from the town of Troy, for ten long years together, I well remember never to have had a moment's reſt, being conſtantly employed in carrying over tranſports; nor could I once get my boat into dock, to refit.

MERCURY.

Ninive is ſo entirely deſtroyed, that you could not poſſibly find out the place where it ſtood. The great Babylon, which you ſee there, adorned with ſo many towers, and ſurrounded with ſuch

ſuch a wall, in a little time will be no more to be found than Ninive is at preſent. I am aſhamed to ſhew you Mycenæ, and Cleonæ; but eſpecially Troy. It would be enough to make you take Homer by the collar at your return home; in ſuch pompous terms has he deſcribed it. Theſe cities had their day, which now is over. Whole towns, Mr. Waterman, die like men; and, what is more wonderful, rivers too. Inachus, the famed flood of Argi, has now no remains.

CHARON.

How idle were all the praiſes, how vain the extravagant epithets of Homer! the ſacred Ilion! the beautiful Cleonæ! alas! alas!—But, whilſt we are talking, who are they that are fighting and killing one another yonder? what is it for?

MERCURY.

They are the Argives and Lacedæmonians. Othryades [*t*], the general of the latter, ſcarcely alive, is inſcribing a trophy with his blood.

CHARON,

[*t*] Three hundred Lacedæmonians and as many Argives were deputed to fight for the plain of Thyria; of all which only

CHARON.

But what do they fight for?

MERCURY.

For the field they fight in.

CHARON.

Oh! what palpable abſurdity! Are they ignorant, that, though every man of them had as much as all Peloponneſus, yet Æacus would hardly allow them a ſquare foot for their whole eſtate? The field will fall into many hands one after another, and his trophy will be often turned up by the plough.

MERCURY.

So indeed it will be. But let us go down, and leave the mountains where we found them; that we may go about our buſineſs, you to your ſculler, and I on my errand. It ſhall not be a great while before I bring you ſome ghoſts.

only three ſurvived the battle. Alcinor and Cromius returned to Argi, as they ſuppoſed, victorious. While their enemy Othryades, remaining in the field, plundered their countrymen, and wrote his triumphant name on his ſhield with his own blood.

CHARON.

CHARON.

I am ſo much obliged to you, Mercury, that I can never forget the ſervice you have done me on this occaſion as long as I live.—Alas! alas! how miſerable mortals ſpend their time!—kings!—golden ingots!—hecatombs!—battles!——but not a ſyllable about Charon!

THE

INFERNAL PASSAGE:

OR,

THE TYRANT,

On the Vices of KINGS.

THE INFERNAL PASSAGE: OR, THE TYRANT[u].

CHARON.

ALL is ready, Clotho. The boat has been prepared this good while, and is in excellent condition. I have pumped out the water, ſet up the maſt, ſpread the ſail, and bound faſt the oars in their places; and nothing is wanting on my part to prevent us weighing

[u] The Tyrrheni were a miſchievous people, very troubleſome to the Athenians. From their name, it is pretended, was derived the word *tyrant*, which was however in better repute than its original, being, for ſome time, ſynonymous with *king*.

anchor, and ſailing immediately. Only Mercury is not come, who ought to have been here long ago. You ſee I have not a ſingle paſſenger. If he had ſupplied me as he ought, I might have made three trips this very day already. And, now it is almoſt night, I have not earned a ſingle obolus. I know very well Pluto will blame me for this delay, though I am as innocent as the child unborn. He is a fine purveyor of ghoſts! I fancy he has met with a cup of Lethe above, and has forgot his way back again. Perhaps my gentleman is wreſtling with the youngſters, or twanging his harp, or telling long ſtories, to prove his ſkill in trifling. Or perhaps the honeſt fellow is employed in thieving by the way: for that too is one of his accompliſhments. We have a full right to one half of his time and attention; and, I cannot but ſay, he takes a good deal of liberty with us.

CLOTHO.

How do you know, Charon, that he is not detained by ſome extraordinary buſineſs of Jupiter? Jupiter is maſter, and will be obeyed.

CHARON.

CHARON.

Yes; but why ſhould he keep him beyond his time? I am ſure we have never detained him with us, when it was his duty to be gone. But I believe I can gueſs the cauſe. With us there is nothing but daffodil, and libations, and cakes, and obſequies, in miſts, and clouds, and darkneſs; but in Heaven all is ſplendid and gay, ambroſia abounds, and nectar goes jovially round. No wonder therefore my gentleman likes to be there. When he leaves us, he flies like a thief from a gaol. But, when he is to return, he does it indeed at laſt, but it is with great deliberation and reluctance.

CLOTHO.

Hold your tongue, Charon! for here he comes! Do not you ſee him with his rod driving a whole ſwarm before him, like a flock of goats? what can be the meaning of this? One of them is chained, another ready to ſplit with laughing, a third with a wallet and a cudgel, looking plaguily ſour, and puſhing on the reſt. As to Mercury himſelf, he is all over in a ſweat, puffing and blowing for breath, with his feet

covered with duſt. What is the matter, Mercury? why ſuch hurry and flutter?

MERCURY.

Matter? matter enough! I have had ſuch a piece of work with purſuing this run-away raſcal, that I verily thought I ſhould not have reached the boat to-day.

CLOTHO.

But who is he? and what could he mean by attempting an eſcape?

MERCURY.

The reaſon of that is plain enough: he wanted to live a while longer, to be ſure. I gueſs him to be ſome king, ſome tyrant; ſuch a howling he has made, and ſo bitterly has he bewailed the loſs of his enjoyments.

CLOTHO.

What! when his thread was ſpun to the end, did the fool think of running away from inevitable fate?

MERCURY.

Think of running away! do you ſay? I tell you, that, if my honeſt friend here with the ſtaff

ſtaff had not helped me to lay hold of him and bind him, he would have got from us, as ſure as you are there. From his being firſt delivered up to me by Atropos, he conſtantly hung behind, he pitched his feet againſt the ground, and was ſo refractory, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty I could get him along. Sometimes he tried gentle means; he begged and prayed of me only to let him go for a moment, for which he promiſed an ample reward. Knowing that the man made a requeſt which could not poſſibly be granted, you may be ſure I paid no regard to it. But, when we were got to the very entrance, and I, as uſual, was reckoning up my dead to Æacus [w], and he was comparing my account with the tally ſent him by your ſiſter, I know not how it was, that this abominable villain ſneaked away and got off, leaving me one ſhort of my number. Upon this, Æacus, knitting his brows, ſaid, he would have none of my tricks here; I might be contented with playing the rogue in Heaven.

[w] Lucian here ſeems to have forgot himſelf a little. According to all the geographers, Æacus lived on the other ſide of the river. Moſes du Soul.

"There is no place here, ſays he, for ſubterfuge "of any kind: whatever relates to the dead muſt "be exact. According to this tally, you ſhould "have brought a thouſand and four; unleſs you "pretend that Atropos has impoſed upon you." I was greatly confounded by what he ſaid, and preſently called to mind what had paſſed by the way. When, looking all round and not ſeeing the fellow, I ſoon concluded that he had given me the ſlip. Upon which, taking the direct road back to day-light, I ran as faſt as my feet could carry me; while this worthy gentleman very civilly accompanied me. We ran like two racers, and came up with him in [x] Tænaros; ſo very near was he to making his eſcape.

CLOTHO.

And we, Charon, had been all this while blaming Mercury for his idleneſs!

CHARON.

Well, but why ſhould we ſtay here now? We have been delayed long enough already.

[x] A promontory of Laconia, from whence was ſuppoſed to be a paſſage to the other world. Πυλη τις εστι Ταιναρου προς ισχατοις. Menand. fragm.

CLOTHO.

CLOTHO.

Right; let them go aboard. I will ſit down by the ladder, and, with the catalogue in my hand, as my cuſtom is, will inform myſelf concerning them all ſeparately as they enter, who they are, whence they come, and in what manner they died. Do you, Mercury, take and ſtow them properly. The new-born infants you may throw in firſt, as they can give no account of themſelves.

MERCURY.

Here are three hundred of them for you, Mr. Ferryman, including foundlings.

CHARON.

A fine prize! You gather the fruit before it is ripe.

MERCURY.

Next to them, Clotho, would you have me put aboard thoſe who died unlamented?

CLOTHO.

You mean the old: do ſo. Why ſhould I trouble myſelf with enquiring into what was

done before Euclid [y]? All ye, who are upwards of threeſcore, make your appearance! Holla!—They are ſo deaf with age, I find, they cannot hear. Perhaps it will be neceſſary to hoiſt them on board.

MERCURY.

Well, here are three hundred and ninety-eight, all ripe and mellow, not reaped before the harveſt.

CLOTHO.

No truly; theſe are dry grapes. Now, Mercury, bring up the wounded. Tell me firſt of all how ye came by your death: or, ſtay; I can recognize you by the reſpective decrees concerning you. Eighty-four were yeſterday to die fighting in Media, and, amongſt theſe, Gobares the ſon of Oxyartes.

MERCURY.

Here they are.

[y] After the expulſion of the thirty tyrants by Thraſybulus, the Athenians, for the ſake of peace, had paſſed an act of oblivion, reſpecting every tranſaction before the government of Euclid.

CLOTHO.

CLOTHO.

Seven deſpairing lovers diſpatched themſelves. Theagenes, the philoſopher, left the world for a Megarenſian harlot.

MERCURY.

They are all here.

CLOTHO.

And where are they who butchered one another for the ſake of empire?

MERCURY.

Here.

CLOTHO.

And the man ſlain by his wife and her gallant?

MERCURY.

Here, before you.

CLOTHO.

Bring up thoſe who died by due courſe of law, by tortures and the gallows; and the ſixteen murdered by highway-men.

MERCURY.

Here you have them, mangled as they are.—Would you have me bring up the women too?

CLOTHO.

Yes; and thoſe who periſhed together in ſhipwreck, and then thoſe who died of the fever. And do not forget the Doctor Agathocles: put him with his patients.—But where is Cyniſcus, the philoſopher? He was to die after eating the ſupper of Hecate, expiation-eggs, and raw cuttle-fiſh.

CYNISCUS.

I am here, Clotho, at your ſervice. I beg to know for what offence you ſuffered me to remain ſo long upon earth? My ſpindle was almoſt full. Very glad ſhould I have been to come ſooner, and often wiſhed to ſnap my thread; but ſomehow or other I found it impracticable.

CLOTHO.

I left you as the inſpector and phyſician of human failings;—but now go aboard and welcome!

CYNISCUS.

CYNISCUS.

I cannot go till this priſoner is put into the boat: he has ſo inſinuating a tongue, that I am afraid he will warp you from your purpoſe.

CLOTHO.

Let me ſee who he is.

MERCURY.

Megapenthes the tyrant, the ſon of Lacydes.

CLOTHO.

Go aboard, Megapenthes.

MEGAPENTHES.

No, pray, good Madam, let me go back only for a little while. I will come again, ſweet Clotho, upon my word, without being ſent for, or giving any more trouble.

CLOTHO.

What is it that makes you ſo very deſirous of going back?

MEGAPENTHES.

I beg only to finiſh a houſe I was building. I only beg —

CLOTHO.

CLOTHO.

The man raves! Get in, make haſte.

MEGAPENTHES.

I am not unreaſonable, O Deſtiny; I only beg to ſtay one ſingle day, juſt to give my wife directions about my eſtate, and ſhew her where my great treaſure is buried.

CLOTHO.

You may make yourſelf eaſy: it cannot be.

MEGAPENTHES.

What, muſt all that money be loſt then?

CLOTHO.

No, not loſt; be ſatisfied about that; your couſin Megacles will have it.

MEGAPENTHES.

Oh ſcandalous! what, my enemy? I ſpared his life only for want of leiſure to kill him.

CLOTHO.

He is the man. He will ſurvive you upwards of forty years, and be maſter of all your women, money, and clothes.

MEGA-

MEGAPENTHES.

This is very unfair in you, Clotho, to give a man's poſſeſſions to his greateſt enemies.

CLOTHO.

Pray, good Sir, how came you by theſe poſſeſſions? were they not the property of Cydimachus? did not you murder him? and, before the breath was out of his body, did not you cut the throats of his children before his face?

MEGAPENTHES.

Well, but what he had was mine now.

CLOTHO.

And now, Sir, your leaſe expires.—

MEGAPENTHES.

But I want to ſpeak a word or two in private with you, Clotho: ſtep this way a little. Hark you; if you will ſuffer me to make my eſcape, I promiſe to give you this very day a thouſand talents [z] of gold coin.

[z] 193,750 pounds.

CLOTHO

CLOTHO.

Ridiculous puppy! have you not done thinking of your money yet?

MEGAPENTHES.

Beſides, to oblige you, I will give you two cups, for which I murdered Cleocritus: either of them weighs a [a] hundred talents of the pureſt gold.

CLOTHO.

Seize this fellow here! he would never go by his own will.

MEGAPENTHES.

Conſider, the city wall and the harbour for ſhipping remain both unfiniſhed; which, if I had lived only five days longer, would have been done.

CLOTHO.

Never mind; another man will build.

[a] 5691 lb. 11 oz. 11 dwts. 10 gr. $\frac{3}{7}$ or 41 cwt. 3 qrs. 12 lb. 1 oz. $\frac{4}{15}$; the pound troy, according to Arbuthnot, being to the avoirdupois as 14 to 17.

MEGAPENTHES.

I have one requeſt, which, I am ſure, you muſt allow to be a reaſonable one.

CLOTHO.

What is it?

MEGAPENTHES.

Only that I may live till I ſubdue the Piſidians, and make the Lydians tributary, and rear up a magnificent monument for myſelf, inſcribing upon it all the great exploits of generalſhip which I have performed.

CLOTHO.

Heyday! it would require twenty years to do all this. One day indeed!

MEGAPENTHES.

Nay, I am ready to give bail for my ſpeedy return. I will give up my favourite to you as a pledge for myſelf.

CLOTHO.

Oh the villain! how often have you prayed that he might ſurvive you!

MEGA-

MEGAPENTHES.

Yes, when I knew no better.

CLOTHO.

He will be with you ſoon, for the new king will diſpatch him.

MEGAPENTHES.

One thing at leaſt, Clotho, you cannot refuſe me.

CLOTHO.

What is that?

MEGAPENTHES.

Only to know what turn affairs will take after my death.

CLOTHO.

I will tell you; though it will only vex you the more. As to your wife, the ſlave Midas will have her—not that ſhe will be any novelty to him.

MEGAPENTHES.

The accurſed villain, whom I made free at her requeſt!

CLOTHO.

CLOTHO.

Your daughter will add one more to the new king's concubines. The pictures and ſtatues, which the city erected to your honour, are all thrown down, and every body laughs to ſee them.

MEGAPENTHES.

And do none of my friends reſent ſuch doings?

CLOTHO.

Friends? I know of none you had. How could you pretend to think of having friends? You ſurely muſt be ſenſible that all who adored you, and praiſed every thing you did and ſaid, did it either out of fear, or for their own intereſt. Such friends are the friends of power, and cannot laſt.

MEGAPENTHES.

But at banquets, amidſt libations of wine, how loudly did they pray for my everlaſting proſperity! They ſwore by me, and, if it were but poſſible, were ready to die in my room.

CLOTHO.

You ſupped yeſterday with one of thoſe devoted friends; and the laſt cup, which he gave you, ſent you a packing hither.

MEGAPENTHES.

I thought there was ſomething bitter in the taſte. But what could be his reaſon?

CLOTHO.

Come, get in. There is no end of your queſtions.

MEGAPENTHES.

One thing ſticks very much in my ſtomach, which makes me long for a little day-light.

CLOTHO.

What important buſineſs is that?

MEGAPENTHES.

You muſt know that my man Carion, the moment he perceived that I was fairly dead, came in the evening into the room where I lay, and, finding the coaſt clear (for there was nobody to take care of me) he ſhut the door upon himſelf and Glycerium my concubine, and was

as

as familiar with her in all reſpects as if no one elſe had been there. I ſuppoſe it was by no means the beginning of their acquaintance. When all was over, fixing his malicious eyes upon me, Raſcal, ſays he, many a time have you beaten my poor bones for nothing. Saying that, he plucked me by the beard, and beat me on the face as hard as he could. At laſt he ſpat very copiouſly upon me, very civilly bade me go to hell, and took his leave. I was vexed to the heart; but what could I do? I was not in a capacity to be revenged on him. The wicked jade no ſooner heard a noiſe of ſomebody coming, than, wetting her eyes with her ſpittle, ſhe fell a weeping and lamenting moſt piteouſly, bewailing my death, and repeating my name as ſhe went out—but if ever I catch them—

CLOTHO.

Have done with your threatening, and get aboard; it is high time for you to think of taking your trial.

MEGAPENTHES.

Who will preſume to receive evidence againſt a king?

CLOTHO.

Nobody will againſt a king; but you will find one Rhadamanthus, who will take the liberty of judging and paſſing ſentence, with the greateſt regard to juſtice, on you and every other dead man. But come: you have delayed us already too long.

MEGAPENTHES.

Look you, Clotho, as to my being a king, I give up that point. Inſtead of a king, let me be a peaſant, or a ſlave, or any thing; only let me go back.

CLOTHO.

Where is our friend with the cudgel?—Mercury, you muſt drag this fellow into the boat neck and heels; there is no other way.

MERCURY.

Come along, you runaway ſcoundrel!—Take him, Charon, with that other; and, for ſecurity, let him be tied to the maſt.

MEGAPENTHES.

I hope at leaſt I am to have the firſt ſeat?

CLOTHO.

CLOTHO.

For what?

MEGAPENTHES.

For what? becauſe I have been a king! becauſe I have had ten thouſand guards!

CLOTHO.

Carion might very well pluck the beard of ſuch an inſolent fellow! You ſhall taſte of the ſweets of royalty, adminiſtered to you by the cudgel.

MEGAPENTHES.

Cyniſcus dare to lift up a ſtick againſt me! it is not ſo long ago, that I was within an ace of nailing the varlet to a poſt, for his inſolence in my royal preſence.

CHARON.

For which your majeſty muſt be bound to the maſt.—

MICYLLUS.

Pray, Clotho, is no notice at all to be taken of me? am I to be the very laſt to go aboard, becauſe forſooth I am poor?

CLOTHO.

Who are you?

MICYLLUS.

I am Micyllus the cobler.

CLOTHO.

You are in a moſt prodigious hurry! here is a king, who would give I know not how much for a little reſpite. I wonder how it came to paſs that you are ſo little diſpoſed to ſtay.

MICYLLUS.

Good Clotho, hear what I have to ſay. I am not very highly delighted with the generoſity of the [*b*] Cyclops, with the gracious promiſe of being devoured the laſt. Since, firſt or laſt, the ſame teeth will do the ſame office. Beſides, my ſituation is totally different from that of the rich. The king, who ſeemed ſo happy, was ſo feared, and ſo admired; when he came to leave his gold, and ſilver, and fine clothes, and horſes, and feaſts, his fine women, and all his miniſters of pleaſure, could not but

[*b*] Hom. Od. ix. ver. 369.

lament

lament moſt immoderately, and take it exceedingly unkind to be torn away from all that he held ſo dear. I know not how it is, but the ſoul of ſuch a man ſticks like birdlime to its diſſolute habit, nor can they be ſeparated without great difficulty. As if the chain, that binds them ſo cloſely, was not to be broken, whenever they are violently dragged away, they mourn and bewail their fate. Though bold enough on other occaſions, no ſooner do they ſet foot on this highway, than they become the verieſt cowards in nature. Every now and then they muſt turn round, wiſhing, like unhappy lovers, for another look before they go; juſt as this fool here not only attempted an eſcape by the way, but muſt be begging and praying here. For my part, I had no engagements in the world, neither houſes, nor land, nor gold, nor furniture, nor honour, nor images; ſo that I was always ready for a march: and the very moment that Atropos gave me the wink, I threw down my leather and paring-knife with pleaſure, and ran away barefooted with the laſt in my hand, without ſtaying to waſh off the wax from my fingers. I ran even before my conductor,

looking wiſhfully forwards. There was nothing behind that could tempt me to turn or look back. And upon my word, as far as I can judge, every thing with you is very fine. All are upon the ſame footing, no one preſumes to lord it over his neighbour; which in truth is excellent. I do not imagine that there is any ſuch thing here as paying of debts or taxes. And, what is beſt of all, there is no cold winter, no ſickneſs to be dreaded, nor any being bemauled by our betters. All is peace and quietneſs. Indeed every thing is turned topſy-turvy: we, who are poor, laugh; while they, who are rich, lament.

CLOTHO.

I obſerve, Micyllus, you have been very merry this good while: pray what made you laugh ſo?

MICYLLUS.

O goddeſs moſt revered, I crave your patience. As I lived very near this king, I had an opportunity of being witneſs to his proceedings; and really I thought him as great as a God. Bleſs me! ſaid I, when I ſaw his flowered

ed purple, the multitude of his attendants, his gold, his goblets ſet with jewels, his bedſteads of ſilver! bleſs me! ſaid I, how happy muſt he be! I was almoſt mad at the ſmell of his kitchen; I thought him more than man, and happy above the lot of human nature. Fairer, and taller, raiſed, by the grace of fortune, a royal cubit above others, he ſwelled as he walked, and, pompouſly unconcerned, put all he met out of countenance. But, when he was dead, and ſtripped of his prerogative, I thought him ridiculous enough. But I thought myſelf by far the greater fool of the two, for having ſo admired ſuch a wretched animal, eſtimating his happineſs by the fumes of his diſhes, and his good fortune by the [c] blood of a Laconian cockle. However, he was not the only one who afforded me diverſion. For, when I beheld Gniphon the uſurer ſighing, and repenting when it was too late, that he had cheated himſelf out of the enjoyment of all he had, which he muſt now leave entire to the abandoned Rhodochares, the heir at law—thinking of this,

[c] The purple-fiſh.

it

it was impoſſible to contain myſelf, when I recollected what a pale, wan, dirty, half-ſtarved, wrinkled, pining, fretting, anxious, mortal he was. The only riches he poſſeſſed for uſe were his fingers, with which he [*d*] counted his talents and ten thouſands, ſcraping together, by little and little, what the precious Rhodochares will ſcatter as faſt.—But let us ſet ſail, and laugh over what remains by the way, when we ſee the tears of our companions.

CLOTHO.

Get in, that Charon may weigh anchor.—

CHARON.

You, Sir! whither ſo faſt? The boat is already full. Stay till to-morrow morning, and I will give you a caſt over.

MICYLLUS.

It is very hard, Charon, that I muſt be left behind, who am fairly dead, and well entitled to go. Depend upon it, you ſhall appear before Rhadamanthus for this. Alack! alack!

[*d*] His fingers ſerved him as figures. See the note on Juvenal, Sat. x. ver. 249.

what an unlucky dog am I! now they ſail, and I muſt be left alone! I will even jump in and ſwim: a dead man needs not be afraid of drowning. Beſides, if he would take me in, I have no money.

CLOTHO.

What now? Stay, Micyllus. You muſt not go over ſo.

MICYLLUS.

Very likely! I fancy I ſhall be over before you, for all that.

CLOTHO.

You cannot go ſo.—We muſt put to, and take him in. Lay hold of him, Mercury, lend him a hand.

CHARON.

And pray where is he to ſit? The boat is as full as it can be ſtowed.

MERCURY.

There is room for him upon the king's ſhoulders.

CLOTHO.

CLOTHO.

A good thought! get up immediately; do not ſpare the royal neck. A good voyage to us!

CYNISCUS.

It is beſt, Charon, to tell you the plain truth at once. I really have not an obolus to pay for my paſſage. This ſtaff and this wallet are all that I have, believe me. But, if you would have me lend a hand at pumping or rowing, I am at your ſervice. Give me but a good oar, and you ſhall ſee that I can uſe it.

CHARON.

Well, well, row then; and I ſhall be ſatisfied.

CYNISCUS.

Shall we have a cheer?

CHARON.

If you know a boatſwain's [e] ſong, by all means let us have it.

[e] The tune probably was not unlike the recitative of our mariners when they hoiſt the ſails.

CYNISCUS.

CYNISCUS.

Oh, yes. But behold! theſe fellows make ſuch a howling, that nothing elſe can be heard.

A RICH MAN.

Alas! my poſſeſſions!

ANOTHER.

Alas! my eſtate!

ANOTHER.

Ah! woe is me! what a houſe have I left!

ANOTHER.

Oh! thoſe talents of mine, which my prodigal heir will ſquander!

ANOTHER.

Alas! my poor infants!

ANOTHER.

Who will gather the grapes of my laſt year's vines?

MERCURY.

Why do not you weep, Micyllus? Nobody goes over without tears.

MICYL-

MICYLLUS.

Piſh! I can find nothing to cry for, if we have but a good voyage.

MERCURY.

You muſt weep a little: it is the faſhion.

MICYLLUS.

Well, to oblige you, Mercury, I will. Oh! my ſhoe-ſoles! oh! my old laſts! oh! my rotten ſhoes! oh! unhappy me! I ſhall no more ſit faſting from morning to night! I muſt never more wander about, bare-footed, and in rags, my teeth chattering with cold! who ſhall inherit my paring-knife? who will enjoy my awl?—We have almoſt got over the water and my lamentation together.

CHARON.

Well, my maſters, pay me my fare, before you leave me. You, Sir, where is your money? and your's? and your's, Sir? Every one has paid me except you, Micyllus. Come, come, do not trifle.

MICYL-

MICYLLUS.

It is yourſelf, Charon, who trifle moſt egregiouſly, if you expect any money from me. Whether an obolus be round or ſquare, is a matter quite unknown to Micyllus.

CHARON.

Upon my word, a good thriving voyage this! Get you gone. I muſt return to look after the horſes, oxen, dogs, and other animals, which are to come over.

CLOTHO.

Take theſe away, Mercury. I will ſail back to the oppoſite ſide, and bring with me Indopates and Heramithres, the Seres, who have knocked out one another's brains in a diſpute about a boundary.

MERCURY.

Come then, let us advance. Follow me in your turns; that is beſt.

MICYL-

MICYLLUS.

Oh! wonderful! what a miſt here is! Where now is the handſome Megillus [*f*]? Phryne [*g*] is here no fairer than Simmiche [*g*]. All are alike, all of the ſame complexion; and, as for beauty, it is quite out of the queſtion. Even my old greaſy jacket is equally elegant with his majeſty's purple; both of which are in the ſame obſcurity.—But where are you, Cyniſcus?

CYNISCUS.

Here, at your ſervice. What, if you and I go on together?

MICYLLUS.

With all my heart: give me your hand. You have been initiated in the [*b*] myſteries of Eleuſis: pray do the ceremonies there reſemble the appearance of things here?

[*f*] A young Corinthian, remarkable for his fine perſon.

[*g*] Two Courtezans. Phryne carried on ſo lucrative a trade, that, after Thebes had been deſtroyed by Alexander the Great, it was rebuilt by Phryne the Greater.

[*b*] Certain rites ſolemnized in the night in honour of Ceres and Proſerpine. See Warburton's diſſertation on the ſixth book of Virgil's Æneis.

CYNISCUS.

Very much. But behold! what a frightful figure, ſhaking a torch, and looking moſt horribly ſour! Is that one of the Furies?

MICYLLUS.

I fancy ſo, by her look.

MERCURY.

Here! Tiſiphone, here are one thouſand and four for you.

TISIPHONE.

Rhadamanthus has been waiting for you this good while.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Bring them up, Erinnys. Do you, Mercury, make proclamation, and call them over.

CYNISCUS.

I ſhall take it as a great favour, Rhadamanthus, if you will be pleaſed to let my examination come on firſt. I beg it for your [*i*] father's ſake.

[*i*] Jupiter's.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Why?

CYNISCUS.

I want to give evidence againſt a certain perſon, whom I have known to be a ſad raſcal. And I would have it appear how I have behaved myſelf, before I accuſe another; that my teſtimony may have the more weight.

RHADAMANTHUS.

And who are you?

CYNISCUS.

I am Cyniſcus, my lord, by profeſſion a philoſopher.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Come then, take you your trial firſt.—Mercury, call his accuſers.

MERCURY.

If any manner of perſon hath any thing to ſay againſt Cyniſcus, let him come forth!

RHA-

RHADAMANTHUS.

Nobody appears! however, this is not ſufficient. Strip yourſelf, Cyniſcus, that I may ſee what [k] brands you have.

CYNISCUS.

How could I become branded?

RHADAMANTHUS.

As many ſins as a man commits, ſo often, in a manner imperceptible, is he ſtigmatized in his ſoul.

CYNISCUS.

Examine me then; I am ſtripped, you ſee.

RHADAMANTHUS.

The man is quite free from any ſpots at all!—except that there are three or four little marks ſcarce diſtinguiſhable.—Yes, here are the ſcars. Pray how was this? how did you obliterate theſe brands, Cyniſcus?

CYNISCUS.

I will tell you. Before I became a philoſopher, I was guilty of many miſdemeanors

[k] See Plato's Gorgias.

through ignorance, in conſequence of which I contracted many ſtains. But, applying myſelf to the ſtudy of wiſdom, by little and little I waſhed them out of my ſoul.

RHADAMANTHUS.

You certainly took the beſt and moſt effectual remedy.—As ſoon as you have given evidence againſt the tyrant you mentioned, you may immediately repair to the [*l*] iſlands of the bleſſed, there to reſide amongſt people like yourſelf.—Call more.

MICYLLUS.

What relates to me may be very ſoon diſpatched. I am already naked, Rhadamanthus, for your inſpection.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Who are you?

MICYLLUS.

I am Micyllus, the cobler.

[*l*] Some have fancied theſe ſeats of bliſs near the Straits of Gibraltar. Others have thought them ſituated on the north of Scotland. It is but juſtice to the ſenſible ſons of Caledonia to add, that they hold no ſuch abſurd opinion.

RHA-

RHADAMANTHUS.

O rare Micyllus! There is no appearance of a ſpot in thee. Go with Cyniſcus.—Now call the king.

MERCURY.

Megapenthes, the ſon of Lacydes, appear!—which way would you turn? Come up!—I call you, tyrant!—Take him by the collar, Tiſiphone, and bring him up whether he will or no.—Now, Cyniſcus, let us know what you can lay to his charge: here he is.

CYNISCUS.

There is no great occaſion for many words: it will appear from his brands what he is. However, to ſet the matter in the cleareſt light, I will endeavour to deſcribe him and his behaviour. I ſhall paſs over his enormities in private life. But, when, after aſſociating with deſperate fellows as wicked as himſelf, he raiſed guards, and advanced himſelf to ſovereignty, he ſhewed his authority over the city by putting to death more than ten thouſand perſons, without any pretence whatever. By proceeding in this manner, and ſeizing on the effects of others,

he ſoon became immenſely rich; and of courſe ſtuck at nothing his libidinous heart could deviſe. Every kind of cruelty, every ſpecies of injury and inſolence, his miſerable ſubjects have undergone! They were expoſed to every extravagance of drunken riot: the innocence of neither ſex eſcaped him. For his pride, his arrogance, his haughty diſdain of every one he met, you can never ſufficiently puniſh him. A man might as ſafely confront the meridian ſun, as look with open eyes upon him. His unheard-of puniſhments, his genius for cruelty, cannot be ſufficiently ſet forth. Not even his own family could eſcape his brutal rage. If you ſuſpect me of any prejudice againſt him, you need only call the perſons he has murdered, who will confirm what I ſay. And behold! without being called, here they are! ſtanding ſo thick around him, that they are ready to ſtifle him. All theſe, Rhadamanthus, have been murdered by this inhuman raſcal. Some of them were aſſaſſinated for having handſome wives; others, becauſe they could not bear his unnatural abuſe of their children. To be rich, to be wiſe, to be happy, to be virtuous enough to diſlike

diſlike his abominable doings, was reaſon ſufficient with him to put a man to death.

RHADAMANTHUS.

What do you anſwer, miſcreant, to this charge? are you guilty, or not guilty?

MEGAPENTHES.

I own myſelf guilty of the murders. But I am innocent of the other crimes, the adulteries, the defiling of innocence, the unnatural debaucheries; concerning all which Cyniſcus lies. He accuſes me falſely.

CYNISCUS.

I am ready to make good my charge by undoubted evidence.

RHADAMANTHUS.

What witneſſes will you call?

CYNISCUS.

Call hither, Mercury, his [*m*] lamp and his bed [*m*]: let them teſtify what they have been privy to.

MER-

[*m*] The introduction of ſuch witneſſes ſeems very repugnant to our ideas of propriety. But it might be intended,

MERCURY.

The bed and the lamp of Megapenthes, appear in court!—Very well, here they are.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Declare, each of you, what you know concerning this Megapenthes. And firſt let the Bed ſpeak.

BED.

All is true that Cyniſcus has accuſed him of. For my part, my Lord Rhadamanthus, I am aſhamed to mention his practices on me.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Your teſtimony is ſufficiently ſtrong, ſince you cannot endure to recite his wickedneſs.—Now, Lamp, what have you to ſay?

LAMP.

I can ſay nothing to his behaviour by day, which, as I was not preſent, fell not under my obſervation. But I ſhudder to mention what paſſed in the night. I have ſeen numberleſs enormities not to be deſcribed, far ſurpaſſing all

as Bourdelotius thinks, to ridicule certain philoſophers, who held that every thing had a ſoul. See Spectator, N° 56.

the

the reſt; ſo that I often withheld my oil, and would have gladly withdrawn my light, which he applied to his moſt filthy purpoſes, and polluted all manner of ways.

RHADAMANTHUS.

There is no need of further evidence. Come, Sir, ſtrip, off with your purple, that we may ſee how many ſcars you have. Aſtoniſhing! he is branded all over black and blue! no part of him but what is diſcoloured! What muſt we do with him? which way ſhall we puniſh him? ſhall he be toſſed into Pyriphlegethon, or thrown to Cerberus?

CYNISCUS.

No. Give me leave to propoſe a new method of puniſhment not improper for him.

RHADAMANTHUS.

I ſhall be greatly obliged to you, if you will mention it.

CYNISCUS.

It is the cuſtom, I think, for all the dead to drink of the water of Lethe?

RHA-

RHADAMANTHUS.

Yes.

CYNISCUS.

I would have him alone exempted.

RHADAMANTHUS,

Why?

CYNISCUS.

It will be a moſt grievous torture to recollect what he has been above, to think of his power on earth, to recount his pleaſures paſt.

RHADAMANTHUS.

I agree to it. Let this be his ſentence; that he be taken hence to Tantalus [*n*], and there chained, and everlaſtingly remember the tranſactions of his paſt life.

[*n*] Tantalus was one of thoſe perſons, who cannot *fare well without crying roaſt meat*. After dining with the gods, his betters, he blabbed out all that paſſed amongſt his idle companions; for which he was puniſhed with a perpetual longing to dine again.

THE

THE

DREAM:

OR,

The COBLER and his COCK,

On the Comforts of POVERTY.

THE DREAM[o]: OR, The COBLER and his COCK.

MICYLLUS.

A PLAGUE take your ſcreaming throat! It is a very hard caſe that I may not even dream of being happy, but muſt have my ears pierced with the ſqualling of a ſpiteful cock, be rouſed from my delightful riches, and hurried back to poverty, more hateful ſtill than even thy hideous ſcream! and yet as far as I

[o] This has been well tranſlated by Sir Henry Sheers, who left out what he did not like, as D'Ablancourt had done before him.

can

can conjecture from the great ſtillneſs of the air, and from my not feeling the bitter cold, which is an infallible token of approaching day, it is not yet midnight. By ſuch ſuperabundant vigilance, one would imagine he guarded the golden fleece they talk of; or what occaſion for his crowing all night long? But I will ſpoil his ſport, depend upon it. As ſoon as it is day-light, and I can lay hold of him, he ſhall have my good wiſhes with a good ſtick, I aſſure him!

COCK.

My good maſter, I thought I ſhould have done you a piece of ſervice by waking you thus early. I am ſure the earlier you riſe, the more time you have for work: and, if you would get up in time, you might, before ſun-riſe, earn ſomething towards a breakfaſt, by the repair of an old ſhoe. However, ſince for riches in your ſleep, you are contented to ſtarve awake, go on and proſper: I will diſturb your golden dreams no more, but be as mute as a fiſh.

MICYLLUS.

Have mercy upon us! the cock talks!

COCK.

COCK.

What, is that ſuch a wonder?

MICYLLUS.

Wonder? ay, ſurely; I hope it forebodes no harm to me.

COCK.

Indeed, maſter, you will pardon me; but I cannot help thinking you a very illiterate fellow, totally unread in the works of Homer. Homer, Sir, informs us, that a [p] Steed of Achilles, Xanthus by name, bidding adieu to neighing, ſtopped to make a ſpeech in the middle of the battle. Nor was he contented to utter plain proſe, as I do: verſe alone would ſerve his turn, in which he proceeded like a very orderly prophet. Meanwhile not one of his audience was enough ſurprized to invoke the averter of evils, as you are pleaſed to do. What do you think of a ſpeech made by the keel of the ſhip Argo? The beech of Dodona ſpoke articulately, and foretold things to come. I ſuppoſe you never ſaw any [q] Oxhides creep,

[o] Hom. Il. xix. ver. 404.
[q] Hom. Od. xii.

or

or heard the lowing of the fleſh, when it was half roaſted, and pierced with a ſpit. Surely it cannot be deemed extraordinary for me to ſpeak, who am ſo intimate with Mercury, the moſt eloquent goſſip of all the gods; and who beſides have the honour of living with Micyllus. However, be that as it will, if you will ſolemnly promiſe me not to mention it, I will explain to you this wonderful faculty of mine.

MICYLLUS.

If I truly am awake, and you are really talking to me, I beg you will tell me how it comes to paſs. You need not make me ſwear ſecrecy; for, if I ſhould relate the ſtory of this night's adventure, nobody could believe it.

COCK.

You have heard nothing to wonder at yet. But perhaps you may be ſomewhat ſurprized, when you are told, that I, who thus appear to you a cock, was once a man.

MICYLLUS.

I have heard ſuch a ſtory. There was formerly one Alectryon [r], a nameſake of yours,

[r] *Alectryon* in Greek ſignifies a cock.

who was a young man greatly in favour with Mars, being his confident in his amours, and the conſtant companion of his jollity. Whenever Mars paid Venus a viſit, he took Alectryon along with him; and being ſadly afraid leſt Phœbus ſhould ſee and tell Vulcan of him, he uſed to leave his friend without at the door, to give notice of the enemy's approach. But, the youth happening to fall aſleep, and of courſe being off his guard, the whole affair was diſcovered. The lovers had gone to reſt, confiding in their centinel; and never perceived when Phœbus ſtood by them. Vulcan, having had his leſſon from him, caught them napping, and ſecured them both in a net, which he had provided for that purpoſe. Mars afterwards, in a paſſion, transformed Alectryon into a cock, ſtill retaining his arms and creſt. His offspring to this very day, to make amends for the old miſcarriage, are ſure to be awake, and give notice of the ſun's riſing, long before it happens.

COCK.

That is an old ſtory, with which I have nothing to do. Mine is a late affair, and quite different

MICYLLUS.

How was it then? I long to know.

COCK.

Have you never heard of one Pythagoras?

MICYLLUS.

You mean the impertinent Sophiſt, who forbade the eating of fleſh, and of beans (which I think the beſt eating in the word); and who enjoined a continual ſilence for five years together.

COCK.

He was Euphorbus, before he was Pythagoras.

MICYLLUS.

Ay, they ſay he was a great conjurer.

COCK.

Forbear your abuſe, my good maſter, and ſpeak with moderation of what you ſo little underſtand: I am that very Pythagoras.

MICYL-

MICYLLUS.

A cock a philoſopher! more wonderful ſtill! Explain yourſelf, ſon of Mneſarchus [s]. From a man, you became a bird; from a Samian, a Tanagræan [t]! I muſt beg your pardon for ſome little defect of faith: I think I have already diſcovered in you two things very unlike any marks of Pythagoras.

COCK.

What are they?

MICYLLUS.

One is, that you are a noiſy prater; whereas Pythagoras enjoined five years ſilence: and the other is entirely repugnant to his principles. Yeſterday having nothing elſe to give you, I brought you ſome beans, which, you know, you eagerly picked up, without the leaſt ſcruple of conſcience. Either you lied in calling yourſelf Pythagoras; or, if you really are Pythagoras, you have violated your own law, and, in eating of beans, are as great a tranſgreſſor, according

[s] Pythagoras was the ſon of Mneſarchus of Samos.

[t] Tanagra was a city of Bœotia, famous for a good breed of fighting cocks.

to what you taught your ſcholars, as if you had devoured the [u] head of your father.

COCK.

You do not underſtand, Micyllus, what you talk about. When I was a philoſopher, I abſtained from beans, as it became me. Now I am a bird, I may fairly indulge my appetite with what is not forbidden a bird.—But, if you will, I will tell you how, from being Pythagoras, I became what I now am; how many modes of life I have paſſed through, and what was the good and ill attendant on every change.

MICYLLUS.

I beg you will tell me: you cannot pleaſe me better. Nay, if it were put to my choice, whether I would have my dream again, or enjoy your converſation, I know not which I ſhould prefer: they are ſo equally pleaſant and precious, ſo delectable, ſo deſirable.

COCK.

Are you ſtill doating on that empty dream?

[u] Which a bean was thought to reſemble.—For many curious reaſons inducing Pythagoras to forbid the eating of beans, ſee Bayle's Dictionary, article PYTHAGORAS.

MICYLLUS.

Yes, be aſſured, while I have a day to live, I can never forget it. It left a delight in my eyes ſweeter than honey; ſo that I can ſcarcely keep their lids from cloſing again to ſleep. The tickling your ear with a feather may give you ſome idea of the ſenſation I felt.

COCK.

It muſt needs be a very fond dream, which, in ſpite of its [*w*] propenſity to fly, does notwithſtanding love to paſs the boundary of ſleep, with ſweetneſs and clearneſs in the eyes of a man wide awake! I ſhould be very glad to know what it was that did ſo exceedingly overjoy you.

MICYLLUS.

I am not at all unwilling to relate every circumſtance of what is ſo pleaſant to remember.—But when will you favour me with the account of your tranſmigrations, Pythagoras?

COCK.

When you have given over dreaming, and have wiped off the honey from your eye-lids.

[*w*] Πτηνος ων.

But firſt I beg to know whether your dream came flying through the gate of ivory or the gate of horn.

MICYLLUS.

Neither through the one nor the other, Pythagoras.

COCK.

Homer [*] mentions only thoſe two ways.

MICYLLUS.

Pſhaw! a fooliſh old bard! What did he know about dreams? Perhaps indeed the dark dreams of ſuch a blind fellow as he might paſs through ſuch beggarly gates. But my moſt delicious of dreams came through a golden gate, golden itſelf, encompaſſed with gold, bringing with it abundance of gold!

COCK.

Good Mr. Midas, let us hear leſs of gold. Your dream indeed very much reſembles his extravagant wiſh, for it has turned all into gold.

[*] Odyſſey xix. imitated by Virgil, Æneid 6.

MICYL-

MICYLLUS.

Oh! Pythagoras, what gold, what abundance of gold did I ſee! you cannot think how bright it was, how it gliſtened!—What is it that Pindar ſays in praiſe of it? do you remember? Firſt, you know, he ſays "water is the beſt thing;" but immediately after he beſtows his higheſt praiſes on gold, as it became him. It is in the beginning of his fineſt ode.

COCK.

This is what you mean:

[y] Water excels; but gold is far more bright,
Like fire, that ſparkles and expels the night.

MICYLLUS.

The very thing, upon my word! Surely Pindar muſt have had a glimpſe of my dream, to ſing ſo wiſely concerning gold. Liſten, O moſt learned cock, whilſt I deſcribe it to thee. You know I did not ſup at home yeſterday. The rich Eucrates, meeting me in the market-place,

[y] This beginning of Pindar's firſt ode is ſuppoſed to be an alluſion to the doctrine of Thales, who taught, that water is the firſt principle of all things.

invited me to come after bathing, and ſup with him, mentioning his hour.

COCK.

I know it very well, having been obliged to faſt all day, till you came home late in the evening in your cups, with the five beans. It was but a homely repaſt for a [z] champion ſo diſtinguiſhed at the Olympick games!

MICYLLUS.

After my return from the feaſt, having given you thoſe beans, I went directly to bed. When, as Homer ſays,

[a] While I lay ſlumbering in ambroſial night,
A dream divine appear'd before my ſight.

COCK.

But firſt of all tell me, Micyllus, how matters were ordered at the houſe of Eucrates, what kind of entertainment you met with, and all

[z] Pythagoras, who modeſtly called himſelf a philoſopher, that is, a lover of wiſdom, was alſo a lover of boxing. He made ſome conſiderable improvements in the art, and practiſed it with ſucceſs at the Olympick games.

[a] Hom. Il. ii. ver. 56.

that

that paſſed. By theſe means you may ſup over again, chewing the cud of recollection.

MICYLLUS.

I was afraid that the enumeration of ſo many particulars would be troubleſome to you. But, ſince you aſk for my ſtory, you ſhall have it. Having never before, in all my days, been aſked to a rich man's table, by ſome unaccountable good luck, I happened yeſterday to light on Eucrates; when, ſaluting my Lord, as uſual, I withdrew from his preſence, to ſave him the mortification of being ſeen in my ſhabby company. Upon which, "Micyllus, ſays "he, this is my daughter's birth-day, and I "have invited a good many friends upon the "occaſion. But, as I underſtand one of them "is in a bad ſtate of health, and hardly able to "come out, do you [*b*] bathe yourſelf and "come in his room; unleſs he ſhould ſend "word of being here himſelf, which at preſent "is very doubtful." Hearing this, I made a

[*b*] Which was uſual before a feaſt or a ſacrifice. Hom. Il. x. ver. 577.

moſt

moſt profound obeiſance, and took my leave; beſeeching all the gods, in their greateſt goodneſs, to ſend an ague, or pleuriſy, or twinging gout, to the ſickly gentleman whoſe place I was invited to fill at the feaſt. I thought it an age to the time of bathing, looking every moment at the [c] length of the ſhadow. At laſt the wiſhed-for hour arrived. Up I got immediately, and ſet out, being dreſſed in my beſt manner, ſhewing my jacket to the greateſt advantage, by turning it inſide out. I found a vaſt number of people at the gate, and, amongſt the reſt, my ſick man, whoſe place I had expected to have the honour of ſupplying. He was carried by four perſons, and ſhewed very manifeſt tokens of not being well. He ſighed deeply, coughed, and retched moſt piteouſly, looked miſerably bloated and wan, and ſeemed to be about ſixty years of age. He was ſaid to be one of thoſe philoſophers, who blab out their folly in the ears of youth. His beard was

[c] The Ancients are ſaid to have determined the hour of the day by the length of their ſhadows. When a man's ſhadow was ten feet long, it was time to go to ſupper. Though Micyllus would have been glad of a method more exact, yet he had probably no other dial but himſelf.

as

as bushy as a goat's, and stood greatly in need of a barber. Being blamed by Archibius the physician, for coming out when he was ill, he answered, that a philosopher, of all men, could not neglect his duty, though beset by ten thousand diseases. Besides, added he, Eucrates might think I slighted his friendship. Not at all, replied I, but greatly commend you for dying at home by yourself, rather than belch out your phlegm and your soul at a feast. This our high-minded philosopher pretended not to hear. After a while comes Eucrates from the bath, and seeing Thesmopolis (for that was his name), "Sir, said he, I am greatly honoured "by this favour. Though, had you not come, "you should have fared never the worse; for "I would have sent you every thing in turn." Saying this, he went in, giving his hand to Thesmopolis, who was supported by servants. I was preparing to sneak off; when, turning about, and seeing me very melancholy, after much wavering and consideration, "Come, Mi-"cyllus, said he, you shall stay too, notwith-"standing: I can make room for you, by send-"ing my boy into the women's apartment, to

"sup

"ſup with his mother." I go quickly in upon this, in rather a better ſituation of mind than the diſappointed wolf; though aſhamed to think myſelf the cauſe of ſhutting out his ſon from the feaſt. When the time was come, about half a dozen very ſtout young men, with much ado, hoiſted up Theſmopolis, and put him in his place, bolſtering him up with pillows on either ſide, that he might continue in the ſituation in which they ſet him, and hold out as long as poſſible. Then, as nobody elſe would endure to ſit next him [d], that place fell to my ſhare. Then we fell to work! O Pythagoras, there was ſuch a ſupper! ſuch a variety of dainties! all ſilver and gold! the cups were of gold! the ſervants were ſo fine! and then we had muſick too, and comical fellows to make a body laugh! In ſhort, but for one provoking circumſtance, nothing in life could have been more delicious. What I mean was the plaguy Theſmopolis, who vexed me to the very heart with his tedious nonſenſe concerning

[d] Geſner thinks, that ὁμοδραπέζοις not only implies lolling together on the ſame couch (according to the well-known cuſtom at meals) but alſo making uſe of the ſame trencher.

ſome-

ſomething called virtue. He did me the favour to teach me, that two negatives make one affirmative, and that, when it is day, it is not night. Sometimes he ſaid I had [e] horns; and ran over a long ſtring of learned cant, which I would moſt willingly have excuſed him; for he ſo interrupted the pleaſure of the feaſt, that there was no hearing the muſick for him. Such was our banquet.

COCK.

Not the pleaſanteſt to you, Micyllus, whoſe hard fate placed you with that old dotard.

MICYLLUS.

But now for my dream.—I thought that Eucrates, who has no child, was going to die; that he ſent for me; and that, after making his will, in which he appointed me heir of all, he did die. Immediately I entered upon his poſſeſſions, gold and ſilver without end, which flowed upon me like a ſtream! Every thing elſe, his fine clothes, his tables, his cups, his ſervants, all, all were mine. I got into a chariot

[e] Theſe horns allude to the captious argumentation then in uſe, and have nothing to do with the modern jeſt.

drawn

drawn by white horſes, and, in the lazieſt attitude imaginable, was gazed on and envied by all. They ran before me, rode about me, followed me in ſwarms. Arrayed in the gorgeous attire of Eucrates, with a number of monſtrous rings, quite ſufficient for [f] ſixteen fingers, I ordered a ſumptuous feaſt for the entertainment of my friends. My friends were come, the ſupper was got, the wine ſparkled. I was drinking the golden goblet of friendſhip to every one preſent, and the deſert was ſerving up; when on a ſudden thy ill-timed ſqualling broke up the company, threw down the tables, and gave my riches to the winds. Now do you think I had reaſon to be angry? Oh! how glad would I have been to have enjoyed that dear dream for three whole nights together!

COCK.

What, are you ſo greatly enamoured with wealth, Micyllus? and do you think that gold is the only thing which can make a man happy?

[f] Eight rings on the fingers were not uncommon. See Icaro-menippus.

MICYL-

MICYLLUS.

I am not the only one of that opinion, Pythagoras. You yourſelf, when [g] Euphorbus, going out to fight againſt the Græcians, braided your curls with gold and ſilver; though in war every body knows it is better to carry a piece of cold iron than a ringlet of yellow wire. However, you thought good to face your danger with golden locks. And it was for that reaſon, I imagine, that Homer ſaid you had hair like the Graces; becauſe it was criſped and twiſted with gold and ſilver. For doubtleſs the precious metal much improved its value, as well as added to its beauty and luſtre. Nor is it any wonder that thou, O ſon of Panthus, ſhouldeſt honour gold. We know very well that the father of gods and men, the ſon of Saturn and Rhea, being ſmitten with an Argolick [b] maid, when he could think of nothing more lovely to transform himſelf into, or

[g] Hom. Il. xvii.

[b] Acriſius, king of Argi, having been told by an Oracle, that he was to be ſlain by his grandſon, ſhut up his daughter Danaë in a chamber of braſs, a citadel not impervious to the amorous Jupiter.

more

more likely to conquer the guards of her father, went through the tiles in a ſhower of gold, and obtained the deſired acceſs to his charmer. What more can be ſaid on the ſubject? How infinite are its uſes! He, who has money, has beauty, and wiſdom, and ſtrength, and honour, and glory. In one moment, by virtue of money, obſcurity and meanneſs are turned into ſplendour and fame. You know my neighbour and fellow-craft, Simon. It is not long ago that he ſupped with me, in the Saturnalia. I gave him broth and two ſlices of ſauſage.

COCK.

Yes; I know him, the little flat-noſed fellow, who ſtole our earthen pitcher, the only one we had. I ſaw him carry it off under his arm after ſupper.

MICYLLUS.

And ſo he, who invoked ſo many gods and goddeſſes, was the thief all the while! But pray why did not you ſcream as loud as poſſible, and make a diſcovery, when you ſaw us robbed of our ſubſtance?

COCK.

COCK.

I crowed, which is all that was then in my power.—But what of Simon? I thought you had ſomething to ſay of him.

MICYLLUS.

He had a couſin exceſſively rich, named Drimulus. This man, while he lived, never beſtowed on Simon one ſingle obolus; and no wonder, for he could not find in his heart to beſtow any thing upon himſelf. However, on his lately dying, Simon being heir at law, every thing came to him. And now the poor dirty ragged wretch, who would have given one of his eyes for the privilege of licking a plate, is clothed in purple and violet, has his ſervants, his equipage, his golden cups, his ivory-footed tables; is adored by every one, and is above even looking at me. Seeing him lately, I thought it was but manners to ſpeak: Your moſt humble ſervant, Simon, ſaid I. Upon which he muſt needs be angry truly, and, calling to his people, "Tell that beggar-fellow, ſaid he, "not to clip my name: I am not Simon, but

"Simonides [*i*]."—But the higheſt affair is, that the women are all in love with him. By turns he is prudiſh, coquettiſh, contemptuous, fond, and fickle. Some poor things are driven to diſtraction, and proteſt that without him life is a burden. You ſee how many fine things gold can do! It transforms into a beau the ugglieſt fellow in nature. It has all the virtue of the Ceſtus [*k*] of Venus. You remember

[*l*] O beauteous gold, beſt boon to mortals given!

and

'Tis gold ſupreme, that ſways all human things.—

But pray what made you laugh?

COCK.

I laughed at your ignorance of the condition of the rich: I find you have embraced the vulgar error. But the truth is, they are much more wretched than you are. I have

[*i*] "Which was the name of a famous poet," ſays a commentator. In ſaying which, he ſays nothing at all to the purpoſe. The Ancients, when they grew rich and great, lengthened their names like the Moderns, though not exactly in the ſame manner.

[*k*] A Girdle, which Juno borrowed formerly, and which anſwered her purpoſe. Hom. Il. xiv.

[*l*] Euripides.

been

been often poor, and often rich; I have tried every ſituation in life, and ſpeak from experience. You will be as good a judge of all theſe particulars by and by.

MICYLLUS.

Very well, Sir.—But now let me hear of your ſeveral changes, and how you are affected with the remembrance of each.

COCK.

With all my heart. And know this beforehand, that I never ſaw any man happier than you.

MICYLLUS.

Oh! Sir, your humble ſervant! You are heartily welcome to my happineſs; and much good may it do you! You ſhould not jeer an old friend, leſt he ſhould be provoked to give you as good as you bring.—But tell me all your ſtory, beginning at Euphorbus, how you afterwards were transformed into Pythagoras, and ſo on, till in due time you became a cock. In ſuch various modes of exiſtence you muſt

have beheld and encountered a great variety of incidents.

COCK.

As to my ſoul flying originally down from Apollo, to do penance on earth in the body of a man, that would be a tedious tale to recount; and beſides it is neither proper for me to relate, nor for you to hear. But when I was Euphorbus —

MICYLLUS.

Pray, wonderful Sir, before you go any farther, have I too gone through ſuch changes? I would fain know who I was before this cobler that I am now.

COCK.

Gone through ſuch changes? Ay, certainly.

MICYLLUS.

Can you tell me then what I was? I long to know.

COCK.

COCK.

You were an Indian [*m*] Emmet, employed in ſcratching up gold.

MICYLLUS.

What a blockhead was I, not to bring a few ſcrapings into this ſtate of coblerſhip, to buy victuals with!—But pray what am I to be next? I ſuppoſe you can tell that too. If it is any thing good, I will get up directly and hang myſelf on your perch.

COCK.

That is a knowledge, which thou canſt not obtain.—But, as I was going to ſay, when I was Euphorbus, being ſlain by Menelaus in the Trojan war, after ſome time I became Pythagoras. In the mean time I continued without any ſettled habitation, till Mneſarchus provided me one.

MICYLLUS.

But you had victuals and drink?

[*m*] Theſe Indian Emmets, according to Herodotus, are about the ſize of a middling dog. They differ alſo from other piſmires in throwing up hills of gold. Herod. p. 128.

COCK.

No; it is only the body that requires ſuch aid.

MICYLLUS.

Well, but the affairs of Troy—were they as Homer repreſents them?

COCK.

My dear Sir, how ſhould Homer know any thing of the affairs of Troy, who was all the time a camel in Bactria? You may depend upon this, that things are greatly exaggerated: Ajax was not ſo broad-ſhouldered, nor Helen ſo fair, as people imagine. I ſaw indeed a woman with a long white neck, like the daughter of a ſwan; but ſhe was very old, almoſt as old as Hecuba [*n*]. Theſeus firſt carried her off, and had her at Aphidnæ. He was contemporary with Hercules, by whom Troy was firſt taken, in the age of our fathers. I was told this by Panthus, who remembered, when a little boy, to have ſeen Hercules.

[*n*] According to this account Helen muſt have been about threeſcore, when her beauty was ſo extremely bewitching. See Bayle's Dictionary.

MICYL-

MICYLLUS.

But what of Achilles? was he ſo great in every reſpect? or is it all a fable?

COCK.

I was not acquainted with him, and can ſay but little on the ſubject: you know I was not on the ſide of the Greeks. But as for his friend Patroclus, it was my fortune to [o] diſpatch him, which I eaſily effected by running him through with a ſpear.

MICYLLUS.

After which Menelaus did your buſineſs with ſtill greater eaſe. But enough of this. I want to hear ſomething of Pythagoras.

COCK.

To give you my character in few words, I was a ſophiſt (ſince the truth muſt be told); yet notwithſtanding a man of real learning, and ſkilled in the moſt liberal arts. I travelled into Egypt to confer with the wiſe men. I entered the holy receſſes, and read the books of

[o] This is not ſtrictly Homerical. Euphorbus indeed wounded Patroclus, but Hector ſlew him. Il. xvi.

Orus and Iſis. After that I returned into Italy; and the Greeks, who lived there, were ſo ſtruck with my doctrine, that they revered me as a God.

MICYLLUS.

I had heard all this before; and alſo that you were believed to revive after death, and that you ſometimes ſhewed a golden thigh.—But pray reſolve me this: how came it into your head to make a law againſt eating fleſh and beans?

COCK.

Pray, Micyllus, do not aſk me.

MICYLLUS.

Why not?

COCK.

I am aſhamed to tell you.

MICYLLUS.

Why ſhould you be ſo reſerved with me your friend? For I will no longer pretend to be your maſter.

COCK,

COCK.

In fact I had no ſolid, no reaſonable motive at all. But I ſaw, that, if my inſtitutions contained nothing new and uncommon, I ſhould miſs of the admiration of mankind, which is conſtantly beſtowed on what is far-fetched and little known. I therefore determined to ſurprize the world with ſomething myſterious, which ſhould be gueſſed at by all, but underſtood by none; like the ambiguous uncertainty of an oracle.

MICYLLUS.

Do you conſider that you are making a fool of me, and playing the ſame game over again, which you did with the people of Croton, Metapontium, and Tarentum, and the reſt of your dumb diſciples, who adored the very prints of your feet?—But, when you put off Pythagoras, what form did you next aſſume?

COCK.

I then became Aſpaſia, the harlot of Miletus.

MICYLLUS.

Oh! for ſhame! Pythagoras a female! Then, my good Sir, there was a time when you reſembled

ſembled a hen more than you do now. You lay no eggs at preſent. You remember, Aſpaſia, being acquainted with Pericles. You were with child by him. You then carded and ſpun, Pythagoras, and acted in all reſpects like a woman.

COCK.

What you ſay is all very true. But it is no more than Tireſias, and Cœneus the ſon of Elatus, did before me. So that whatever reproaches you caſt upon me will fall quite as heavy upon them.

MICYLLUS.

Well, but which did you find the pleaſanter life of the two, to be a man, or to be the miſtreſs of Pericles?

COCK.

You aſk a queſtion, which Tireſias found it inconvenient to anſwer.

MICYLLUS.

Though you do not think proper to explain yourſelf on that ſubject, Euripides has done it for

for you, who ſays, he had rather thrice bear a ſhield than once a child.

COCK.

I will put you in mind of this converſation by and by, Micyllus, when you are in childbed. For, as ages go round, you too are likely to be a woman, and more than once or twice.

MICYLLUS.

Go! Do you think all men Mileſians or Samians? They ſay [p] Pythagoras was very handſome. There is a certain ſtory of a monarch—But after Aſpaſia, what were you then? a man, or a woman?

COCK.

I was Crates the Cynick.

MICYLLUS.

My ſtars! what a change! from a whore to a philoſopher!

COCK.

Then I was a king, then a beggar, and then a lord, then a horſe, then a jackdaw, then a

[p] See Diogenes Laertius.

frog,

frog, and a thouſand other things which it would tire you to hear. Then I was a cock. I have been often one. I like it. In this ſtation I have ſerved many very different maſters, kings and beggars, rich and poor. At preſent I am a domeſtick of yours. Every day of my life I laugh to ſee you weeping and wailing on account of your poverty, admiring the rich, becauſe you are ignorant of their concerns. If you did but know what they feel, you would laugh at your own folly, in imagining that a man muſt be happy, becauſe he has wealth.

MICYLLUS.

Well then, Pythagoras, or whatever elſe you like beſt to be called, for I would not make confuſion by a variety of names —

COCK.

It ſignifies little what you call me, whether Euphorbus, or Pythagoras, or Aſpaſia, or Crates; which are all the ſame. Though I ſhould like beſt to be called what I now am. With ſo many reverſions of ſouls, I am not a deſpicable bird.

MICYL-

MICYLLUS.

Since then you have had experience of almoſt every ſtate of life, explain to me, good Sir, what there is peculiar to wealth, and what to poverty; that I may be a better judge of what you ſay, when you aſſert that I am happier than thoſe who are richer.

COCK.

Only conſider, Micyllus. In the firſt place you have no great occaſion to trouble your head about war. For, when you are told of the enemy's approach, you are neither afraid for your fields, nor your pleaſure grounds; you neither dread their treading down your flowers, nor their deſtroying your vines: all that you have to do, on hearing the alarm, is only to look out for an opportunity of marching off with whole bones. But the rich, beſides the concern for their perſonal ſafety, cannot but feel the moſt cutting anguiſh, when they behold from the city walls whatever they poſſeſſed in the country round ravaged and laid waſte. If money is required for the exigencies of ſtate, whence

whence can it be expected but from them alone? If an attack is to be made on the enemy, who will follow unleſs they lead? If the honour be their's, ſo is the danger. You, with your willow ſhield, can eaſily beſtir yourſelf, and provide for your ſafety; and, when the General makes the oblation after a victory, you are always ready to be at the feaſt. In the time of peace, you, who are one of the people, aſſume your conſequence. You enter the aſſembly, and domineer over the rich; while they, in fear and dread, are glad to be friends with you at any rate. They provide baths, and games, and ſhews, and every thing to ſoothe you. You, a moſt rigid critick and cenſor, with all the haughtineſs of power, ſometimes condeſcend not even to ſpeak to them. Nay, when to your high mightineſs it ſeems meet, you ſcruple not to ſtone them; and, if you are very angry indeed, to confiſcate their eſtates. Meanwhile you neither dread craft nor violence. Your gold tempts no midnight ſpoiler. You are not tormented with long reckonings; you avoid bad debts, employ no raſcally ſteward, nor are diſtracted with a multiplicity of cares. In the

evening, when your work is done, and you have earned your ſeven oboli, you have your choice of indulgences. After bathing, you exhilarate your ſpirits with an anchovy, or a herring, or a few onions, or what you like beſt. Your good humour then flows out in many a good old ſong, and many a precious ſcrap of philoſophy in happy alliance with poverty. This hearty way of life gives a bloom to your cheeks, and ſtrength to your limbs, with a contempt of froſt and ſnow. Alert and active with conſtant labour, you chearfully encounter with difficulties, which others would tremble to think of. With regard to diſeaſes, none of the dangerous ones ever invades you. In caſe of a ſlight fever, you are your own phyſician, and ſoon drive it away; for fevers and hunger agree not long together. They fly from him, who takes no draughts beſides draughts of water. But the wretched votaries of luxury, from what that is bad can they eſcape? gouts, conſumptions, peripneumonies, dropſies — are they not all the children of intemperance? Thoſe who, like Icarus, ſoar aloft, and venture too near the ſun, forgetting the wax which faſtens

faſtens their wings, ſoon come tumbling down head foremoſt into the ſea. While the true diſciple of Dædalus, contented on this ſide the ſkies, and even flying ſo low as to be now and then wetted with a wave, bids fair to fly in ſafety.

MICYLLUS.

I ſuppoſe you mean a reaſonable and moderate man.

COCK.

How wretched are the wrecks of ambition! Think how the wings of Crœſus were clipped by the Perſians, and what an abject figure he was on the funeral pile! Dionyſius, from being the tyrant of a mighty realm, became the monarch of a ſchool, in which he iſſued edicts on the royal art of ſpelling!

MICYLLUS.

But tell me, good Cock, when you were a king (for ſuch I underſtand you have been), what did you think of that life? Were you not perfectly happy, in having attained the ſummit of human felicity?

COCK.

COCK.

Put me not in mind of ſuch unſpeakable wretchedneſs. That I appeared happy is true; but alas! it was but appearance! my mind was devoured with unceaſing anxiety.

MICYLLUS.

Impoſſible! I know not how to believe you.

COCK.

I was king of a very extenſive, fruitful, and populous country, containing many cities of moſt admirable beauty, with many navigable rivers, and many excellent ſeaports. I had a vaſt army, cavalry well diſciplined, a large body of guards, galleys for pleaſure, money without end, curious works in gold, and in ſhort every article in the farce of ſtate. Whenever I appeared abroad, they adored me as a God, puſhing and ſqueezing one another to ſee me. Some would climb up to the tops of houſes, to be bleſſed with a full view of my equipage, my royal robe, my diadem, my retinue. I all this while was the ſecret prey of ten thouſand tortures. Their admiration might be forgiven,

as the effect of ignorance. But alas! poor me! Though in their eyes I was a Coloſſus, in my own opinion I was little and pitiful enough. Obſerve the outſide of a fine figure of Jupiter or Neptune, faſhioned in gold or ivory by the nice hand of Phidias, or Myron, or Praxiteles; you cannot but admire it. In the right hand you are ſtruck with the exact repreſentation of a thunderbolt or a trident [q]. But, if once you get a peep at the inſide, your admiration abates, and you diſcover that all is not gold that gliſtens. You there ſee certain bars and wedges and nails driven every way, pieces of wood, pins, pitch, and clay, and whatever elſe can deſtroy all form and figure. I mention not the mice and other vermin that occaſionally have a colony there. Such a thing is a kingdom.

MICYLLUS.

But you have not ſpecified the clay and the wedges and the bars, which deform the inte-

[q] There are many paſſages in this tranſlation, to which it was not difficult to give a more modern turn. But a tranſlation of ſuch paſſages without any marks of the original idea would be no tranſlation at all.

rior parts of government. I am ſure, to ride about in ſtate, to command ſo many thouſands with a nod, and to be worſhiped like a deity, are privileges very great and very inviting; of which your Coloſſus was a very proper illuſtration. Now finiſh your compariſon, and tell me what you have to counterbalance all theſe fine things.

COCK.

It is not eaſy, Micyllus, to determine what to begin with. I ſhall mention fears, anxieties, ſuſpicions, ſurrounding hatred, reſtleſs intrigue, ſhort and broken ſlumbers diſturbed with horrid dreams, roving imaginations, evil expectations, perpetual attention on buſineſs without end, trials, expeditions, edicts, compacts, conſultations. Expoſed continually to all theſe, do you think it poſſible to enjoy any comfort even in a dream? When one man muſt be conſtant watch for all, occupied in ten thouſand things at once.

[r] The ſon of Atreus found no ſweets in ſleep;
Since cares in him eternal vigils keep.

[r] Hom. Il. x. ver. 3.

Homer ſays this of him, at a time, when every other Greek was ſnoring.—The Lydian king is afflicted with a dumb ſon. The Perſian monarch is deſerted by Clearchus, who raiſes troops for Cyrus. Another is vexed with Dion, who concerts meaſures with Syracuſe. The praiſes of Parmenio are grievous to another. Ptolomy troubles Perdiccas. Seleucus plagues Ptolomy. To have a treacherous miſtreſs, to hear the rumour of an intended revolt, to obſerve three or four of the guards circulating an important whiſper, always to ſuſpect thoſe moſt who are their moſt familiar friends as perſons from whom nothing good is to be expected—this laſt is wretchedneſs indeed. One king is poiſoned by his ſon. Another dies in an unnatural embrace. By ſome ſimilar death they commonly fall.

MICYLLUS.

Fie upon it! what an account you give! At this rate it is a ſafer kind of life to ſtoop over an old ſhoe, than to drink courteſy [s] and

[s] — nulla aconita bibuntur
Fictilibus. Juvenal x. ver. 25.
— No doubts the poor man's draughts control;
He dreads no poiſon in his homely bowl.
Dryden's tranſlation.

poiſon

poiſon out of a golden goblet. If indeed my knife ſlips in cutting my leather, I am in danger of cutting my finger. But they, it appears, have not even their banquets unſtained with blood, but are for ever beſet with all manner of miſchief. A king, when he falls, is hardly in better plight than one of the proſtrate actors in a tragedy, of which you muſt have ſeen many. Perhaps he repreſented Cecrops, or Siſyphus, or Telephus, with his diadem, and ivory-hilted ſword, with his ſtreaming hair, and embroidered robe: but if, as it often happens, the great man meets with a tumble upon the ſtage, he is the laughing-ſtock of every ſpectator: his maſk and diadem are cracked, not only his royal but his real head is broken; his legs unprotected by his train tell a beggarly tale of rags, diſplaying ugly buſkins ill buckled, and as badly fitting his feet. You ſee, my good Sir, that you have taught me to make a ſimile.—Well, ſuch was the condition of majeſty. But, when you were a horſe, or a dog, or a fiſh, or a frog, how then?

COCK.

At preſent we have not time to diſcuſs that point. I will only obſerve in general, that man, encompaſſed as he alone is with præternatural deſires and fantaſtical wants, has the leaſt quiet of any animal under the ſun. I believe you will never ſee a horſe a tax-gatherer, a frog a ſycophant, a jackdaw a ſophiſt, a gnat a cook, a cock a pathick: ſuch illuſtrious occupations are followed by man alone.

MICYLLUS.

No doubt what you ſay is exactly right. But (I beg your pardon) in my early youth I longed to be rich, and cannot get it out of my head to this very day. This very moment I think I ſee all the gold of my dream; and, from my ſoul, I envy that raſcally Simon, who battens in ſuch plenty.

COCK.

I can cure you of that this very night. Only come along with me. I will take you to that Simon, and to the houſes of other rich men, that you may be a witneſs of their ſituation.

MICYL-

MICYLLUS.

How can you do that, when the doors are ſhut? would you make a houſebreaker of me?

COCK.

No. But Mercury, whoſe bird I am, has beſtowed on me this peculiar privilege, that, if any perſon takes the longeſt ſoft crooked feather of my tail —

MICYLLUS.

You have two juſt alike.

COCK.

I ſay, if I pluck off this feather on the right, whatever perſon I think fit to give it to, will have during my pleaſure the power of opening any door, and of ſeeing whatever is within, while himſelf is inviſible.

MICYLLUS.

Upon my word I did not know that you were a conjurer. But I am glad of it with all my heart. Do but lend me the feather, and you ſhall ſee Simon's whole eſtate brought hi-

ther in a minute; I will manage that. So he may once more be reduced to live upon leather.

COCK.

That cannot be. You are not authorized to ſteal by means of my feather; and Mercury has commanded me, if any ſuch attempt ſhould be made, to crow out "Thieves!" as loud as poſſible.

MICYLLUS.

A very likely thing indeed! that Mercury, who is a thief himſelf, ſhould diſlike the profeſſion in another! But however let us go. I will keep my fingers from the gold, if poſſible.

COCK.

But firſt pluck off the feather. Hold! you have got them both.

MICYLLUS.

It is better ſo: both ſides of your tail being alike, you will not be diſfigured, nor limp in your gait.

COCK.

Well, let it be ſo. But ſhall we viſit Simon firſt, or ſome other rich man?

MICYL-

MICYLLUS.

Let us go to Simon's by all means. Since my gentleman grew rich, he has doubled his name: nothing leſs than four ſyllables will ſerve him.—But this is the houſe; what muſt be done now?

COCK.

Put the feather to the lock.

MICYLLUS.

Oh wonderful! the door flies open, as with a key!

COCK.

Step in. Do not you ſee him wide awake, poring over his accompts?

MICYLLUS.

Yes; I ſee him ſitting over a little dim thirſty wick of a candle. He is as pale as aſhes! quite gone to a ſhadow. What, is it care that pines him ſo? I never heard of any other diſtemper he had.

COCK.

Huſh! let us hear what he is about.

SIMON.

SIMON.

Stay—the ſeventy talents buried under the bed—they are ſafe—nobody ſaw. I wiſh I could ſay as much of the ſixteen hidden under the manger. The groom Soſylus certainly ſaw me. Yes, yes, he is become very fond of the ſtable of late; though careleſs enough before, and very little in love with labour. That is not all I have been robbed of, I dare ſay. Or, how came Tibius by ſuch a reliſhing diſh yeſterday? It ſeems too, that he laid out [t] five drachmas in an ear-ring for his wife. All that they ſpend muſt be the property of poor me. Some raſcal or other will break into my houſe as ſure as can be: I wiſh my plate was ſafe. There are many malicious perſons who would be glad of an opportunity to ruin me; and none more than my neighbour Micyllus.

MICYLLUS.

Yes, to be ſure, I am a little like yourſelf at preſent; for I have tucked a diſh or two under my arm, which I intend to carry off.

[t] 3s. 2½d.

COCK.

COCK.

Huſh! Micyllus, he will diſcover us.

SIMON.

It is quite neceſſary for me to keep awake, and be upon my guard. I will go round the whole houſe.—Hah! who is here? What, you have broken into my houſe—but I ſee you!—oh! it is only a pillar; very well!—I will take up my money again, and count it once more, to ſee that it is all right.—Hark! I hear a noiſe again—there is ſomebody! woe is me! beſet and betrayed and attacked on all ſides!—Where is my dagger?—Let me but catch you!—Softly now; let me bury my gold again.

COCK.

You ſee what a comfortable life Simon's is.—But let us go to ſome other, while a little of the night remains.

MICYLLUS.

Wretched indeed! may all my enemies be as rich as he!—I will juſt give him a good flap on the face, by way of taking leave.

SIMON.

SIMON.

Who is that? alack! alack! I am wounded! I am robbed! I am robbed!

MICYLLUS.

Mayeſt thou lament and watch and pine till thou art as pale as thy gold!—If you think fit, we will now viſit Gniphon the uſurer: he lives juſt by.—His door is open to our hands.

COCK.

He too, you ſee, is ſleepleſs with care, and, with withered fingers, is caſting up his intereſt. Yet how ſoon muſt he leave all, to be perhaps a moth, a gnat, or a fly!

MICYLLUS.

I ſee the poor fool. He is already very little more than one of the diminutive things you mention; he is ſo waſted with computation.—But let us go to another.

COCK.

To your friend Eucrates, if you will. Behold! the door is open, ſo that we may go in directly.

MICYL-

MICYLLUS.

All this was mine alas! how little a while ago!

COCK.

Are you dreaming ſtill? There! do you ſee that abominable fellow, that old fellow, what he is about?

MICYLLUS.

Infamous unnatural wretch!—His wife is with the cook in a different part of the houſe, in a very unſeemly ſituation.

COCK.

Now do you long to be the heir of Eucrates? would you deſire to ſucceed to what you have ſeen?

MICYLLUS.

Rather let me periſh with hunger than have any reſemblance to him! Farewell gold! farewell feaſting! Let all my eſtate conſiſt of two oboli, rather than live in dread of being robbed by my ſervants!

COCK.

COCK.

But come, it is almoſt day-break; let us go home. You may ſee the remainder another time.

ICARO-MENIPPUS.

A GENERAL INVECTIVE

AGAINST

GODS, MEN, MANNERS, and OPINIONS.

ICARO-MENIPPUS.

MENIPPUS and his FRIEND.

MENIPPUS.

FROM the earth to the moon, which was my firſt ſtage [*u*], three thouſand ſtadia! from thence up to the ſun about [*w*] five hundred paraſangs! from thence to heaven itſelf and the lofty citadel of Jove, about as far as a good nimble eagle can fly in a day!

FRIEND.

In the name of wonder, Menippus, what are all theſe grand things you are meaſuring and

[*u*] 375 miles. This is ſomewhat different from a later account, which makes the diſtance about 60 ſemidiameters of the earth.

[*w*] 1875 miles, ſuppoſing the Perſian meaſure paraſang equal to 30 ſtadia.

muttering about? I have followed you this half hour, and hear of nothing but ſuns and moons and ſtations and paraſangs, and other outlandiſh ſtuff.

MENIPPUS.

Wonder not at my aerial ſublimity of ſtyle. I was going over the heads of a late extraordinary expedition.

FRIEND.

So, like the [x] Phœnicians, you traced your way with ſtars!

MENIPPUS.

No, truly; but I travelled in the ſtars.

FRIEND.

On my word you have had a comfortable nap, if you have dreamt over whole paraſangs.

[x] The Phœnicians were very ſkilful navigators. Without the aid of the compaſs, they found their way to Cornwall many ages ago, where they left ſeveral Greek words, which remain there to this day. The inhabitants of that country (as is ſuppoſed) not ſubmitting patiently to be plundered of their tin, theſe adventurers thought it very uncivil, and carried home ſuch a character of them as Horace afterwards expreſſed by Britannos hoſpitibus feros.

MENIP-

MENIPPUS.

Pr'ythee talk not of dreaming to me, who am juſt come from Jupiter.

FRIEND.

What? Menippus from heaven? from Jupiter?

MENIPPUS.

From the great Jove himſelf this very day. What wonders have I heard and ſeen! If you do not chooſe to credit what I ſay, that very circumſtance adds to the extravagance of my delight in having been happy beyond belief.

FRIEND.

Thou divine and Olympian Menippus, how ſhould I, a mere earth-begotten mortal, preſume to doubt what is brought from beyond the clouds, by one admitted into the ſociety of Homer's celeſtials? But pray, Sir, if it is not too much trouble, tell me how you got up. Where could you find a ladder long enough? For I hardly think you handſome enough to be flown away with by the eagle, for a cup-bearer, as Ganymede was.

MENIPPUS.

Very fine! You may be juſt as merry as you pleaſe, Sir, with my wonderful aſcent. But I wanted none of your expedients of ladders or eagles; for I had wings of my own.

FRIEND.

You far exceed Dædalus: I was quite ignorant of your having commenced kite or jackdaw.

MENIPPUS.

When you mention Dædalus, you are not very wide of the mark; for I put in practice his original invention.

FRIEND.

A moſt undaunted hero indeed! And had you no apprehenſions of a fall any where into the water? Then we might have had the Menippean ſea, as well as the Icarian.

MENIPPUS.

I had no fears about the matter. The wings of Icarus were faſtened with wax; ſo that the firſt approach to the ſun muſt neceſſarily diſ-

join

join them, and give him a fall. But mine was a better contrivance.

FRIEND.

I ſhould be glad to comprehend you. For ſomehow or other I begin to imagine there is ſome reality in what you ſay.

MENIPPUS.

I will tell you. I caught a huge eagle and a ſturdy vulture, and having fairly cut off their wings—but, if you have leiſure to hear me, I will begin with my motives for the undertaking, and tell you every circumſtance of the ſtory.

FRIEND.

I am all attention. By all that is friendly, do not think of leaving me hanging by the ears in the air.

MENIPPUS.

By no means. Having examined into the affairs of this life, I diſcovered all human things to be ridiculous, mean, and uncertain. Accordingly, with a moſt hearty contempt of riches, honour, and power, and all that belongs

to them, I betook myſelf to better employment, endeavouring to lift up my eyes and contemplate the univerſe. And firſt I could not tell what to make of what the wiſe men call the world. I could not diſcover the cauſe and manner of its exiſtence, whence it derived its beginning, nor what was to be its end. And, the more I deſcended to particulars, my difficulties were the more increaſed. I ſaw the ſtars ſcattered at random through the ſky, and longed to know ſomething of the ſun. The appearances of the moon were beyond my comprehenſion; to ſome occult cauſe I attributed the multiplicity of her phaſes. The impetuous activity of thunder and lightning, the deſcending rain, ſnow, and hail, were what I could not trace out, nor conjecture the cauſe of. In this ſtate of anxious uncertainty, I thought my beſt way would be to conſult the learned philoſophers. For certainly, thought I, they muſt be able to tell me the exact truth of every thing. Having therefore fixed on the moſt knowing of them (as I judged from the ſourneſs of their looks, their pale complexions, and long beards) paying down a large ſum of money,

money, and promiſing a great deal more, when I ſhould attain the ſummit of ſapience, I deſired to be taught the conſtitution of the univerſe and the high flights of ſermocination. For indeed to me they ſeemed to uſe a language they had learned in heaven. But alas! inſtead of delivering me from my former ignorance, they only ſerved every day to increaſe it, filling my ears with principles, final cauſes, atoms, vacuums, matter, forms, and other jargon equally intelligible. But what was the leaſt of all to be endured was, that, though no two of theſe men are agreed in any one point, but each is perpetually at war with all the reſt; yet every one inſiſted on my implicit faith in him, and utter rejection of all the reſt.

FRIEND.

It is ſtrange that men ſo wiſe ſhould differ ſo from one another.

MENIPPUS.

You muſt laugh, were you to hear the impudence of theſe fellows. A ſet of earth-born mortals, not at all ſuperior to their brother-reptiles, juſt as blind as their neighbours, nay ſome

of them literally ſo through age and idleneſs, do notwithſtanding undertake to preſcribe boundaries to heaven, to meaſure the ſun's orb, to tread over the head of the moon; and, as if they were juſt dropped from the ſtars, to tell us their ſize and ſhape. Who, though perhaps they know not the diſtance from Megara to Athens with any tolerable exactneſs, yet have the aſſurance to mention the number of cubits between the ſun and moon, to teach us the height of the atmoſphere, the depth of the ſea, the preciſe orbit of the earth; and, with all the parade of circles, triangles, ſquares, and globes, to make us believe they meaſure to an inch, even heaven itſelf. Is it not the very laſt degree of pride and folly, that, in treating of matters ſo obſcure, nothing is ever propoſed as conjecture, but each endeavours to outdo the other's preſumption, and is ready to take an oath, that the ſun is a lump of fire, that the moon is inhabited, that the ſun, as with a bucket in a well, draws up water out of the ſea, and gives drink to all the ſtars. You ſee what a claſhing of ſentiments there is amongſt them, which indeed goes through every part of

their doctrine. For firſt they cannot agree in opinion concerning the world. Some will have it without beginning and incorruptible; while others have ventured not only to find out a maker for it, but alſo his manner of going to work [y]. Theſe laſt are truly admirable: they have found out the divine architect of the univerſe, but proceed not to tell us whence he came, or where he was ſtationed, when he fabricated the world; before which we find it impoſſible to imagine either time or place.

FRIEND.

Bold venders of legerdemain!

MENIPPUS.

Dear Sir, what would you ſay, were I to recount their diſputes about ideas, incorporeal eſſences, finite, and infinite? About theſe laſt there is a ſharp conflict, ſome circumſcribing the univerſe, others allowing it no boundaries at all. Some maintain a plurality of worlds, and have no charity for thoſe who think dif-

[y] Whether the nonſenſe of this atheiſtical ſophiſtry is to be attributed to Lucian or Menippus, is an enquiry not worth making.

ferently.

ferently. One, not the moſt peaceable man in the world, affirms, that war is the parent of all things. It is needleſs to mention their various opinions concerning the gods. Some make number their divinity. Others ſwear by dogs, and geeſe, and plane-trees. Some, rejecting all other gods, beſtow univerſal empire on [z] one: ſo that it grieved me to hear of ſuch a dearth of divinities. Others, more liberal, allow us great plenty, of different ranks and orders. Some teach, that the deity is without body or ſhape; but others tell a different tale. Several of them ſcruple not to affirm, that the gods take no manner of concern in our affairs, nor ever trouble their heads about us. Like the mutes in a play, they are as free from all care, as an old man paſt his labour. Others, ſurpaſſing all the reſt, leave the world to wag as it will, and believe in no gods at all. When I had heard all this, though there was no refuſing full credit to men who talked ſo big, and were ſo well bearded, yet I

[z] Ἑνὶ μόνῳ, uni ſoli. Had the honeſt gentleman, who rendered this "the ſun alone," relied on the ſimple Greek, he would not have been betrayed by the duplicity of the Latin *ſoli*.

knew

knew not where to incline myſelf, to avoid falling on what had been overturned by another. Thus irreſolute, and vibrating this way and that way, as [a] Homer deſcribes it, I deſpaired of meeting with any certain information upon earrh. The only way to get rid of my doubts, I thought, would be to take a flight, if poſſible, into heaven. My hopes of accompliſhing this were ſupplied by my own ardent deſire, and encouraged by Æſop, the author of the ſtory-book, who makes nothing of mounting up eagles and beetles, and even [b] camels. As to my obtaining a pair of wings of my own natural growth, I ſaw no poſſibility of that: but, if I ſhould put on thoſe of a vulture or eagle (which alone ſeemed equal to the weight) I might chance to ſucceed. Accordingly, the birds being caught, I carefully cut off the right wing of the eagle, and the left of the vulture;

[a] Hom. Od. ix. ver. 302.

[b] There is a fable quoted as Æſop's, in his Life by Planudes, which, Moſes du Soul thinks, would have been referred to here, if it had been extant in Lucian's time. There was ſomething curious in that Monk Planudes: he remembered circumſtances which had never exiſted, and forgot thoſe which had.

which

which I faſtened to my ſhoulders with ſtout leathern thongs, and, laying hold of the extremities with my hands, by the aſſiſtance of them and my feet, I tried to raiſe myſelf up, half hopping and half flying, on the tips of my toes, as you have ſeen a gooſe do. As I improved in flying, I grew bolder; and, having got upon the citadel, I threw myſelf down headlong upon the theatre. Flying in this manner without danger, I began to think of going upwards; till, from Parnes, or Hymettus, I flew to Geranea; and from thence to Acrocorinthus; then over Pholoë, and Erymanthus, and as far as Taygetus. When I was grown ſomewhat perfect, and thought myſelf no longer a chicken, nor incapable of a bold attempt, I got upon Olympus; from whence, having laid in a ſtock of proviſions, in the moſt commodious manner I could, I made the beſt of my way directly towards heaven. At firſt I was a little giddy with the height, but afterwards I bore it well enough. When I had left the clouds far behind, and was now got to the moon, I felt myſelf grow weary, and eſpecially in the left wing, which was the vulture's. Landing

ing therefore, and ſitting down, I reſted myſelf; while, like Jupiter in [c] Homer, I looked down one while on the land of Thrace, famous for horſe-fleſh; another while, on Myſia. Afterwards, as the whim took me, I contemplated Greece, Perſia, and India; and was filled with variety of delight.

FRIEND.

I beg you will not grudge me one tittle of your travels, but favour me with every obſervation you had occaſion to make. I expect to hear a great deal concerning the figure of the earth, and of all things upon it, and how they appeared to you looking down from ſuch a diſtance.

MENIPPUS.

Right, Sir. Get up then, as faſt as you can, into the moon; and, travelling with me in your imagination, obſerve the ſituation of all earthly things. Firſt of all, think that you ſee a very little earth, much leſs than the moon; ſo little, that, bending myſelf downwards, I wondered what was become of the huge mountains,

[c] Hom. Il. xiii. ver. 4.

and

and the vaſt ſea. As ſure as you are there, if I had not eſpied the Coloſſus of Rhodes, and the watch-tower of Pharos, the earth would have quite eſcaped me. But the vaſt height of theſe buildings, with the reflection of the ſun from the ocean, convinced me, that what I ſaw was the earth. And, when I had once got a ſteady ſight, all human life appeared plainly before me; not only nations and cities, but individual ſailors, and ſoldiers, and huſbandmen, and lawyers, and women, and wild animals [*d*], all that the fruitful earth maintains.

FRIEND.

What you ſay is incredible and contradictory. Juſt now you would not have been able to find out the earth, diminiſhed by the immenſe diſtance to a point, had it not been owing to the Coloſſus; but behold! all at once, like another Lynceus, you nicely diſcern every thing it contains, man, and beaſt, and, as I ſuppoſe, the neſt of a gnat!

MENIPPUS.

I am obliged to you for your hint: I had like to have forgot a very important circum-

[*d*] Hom. Od. xi. ver. 308.

ſtance.

ſtance. When I had made out the earth, but could not diſtinguiſh any thing elſe, my ſight falling far ſhort of the diſtance, I was exceedingly concerned, and at my wit's end. Being much dejected, and almoſt ready to weep, the ſage Empedocles preſented himſelf to me, exceedingly ſcorched, all over aſhes, and black as a collier. I was much troubled, I confeſs, at the ſight of him, taking him for ſome deity of the moon; but he aſſured me that I was miſtaken.

"Upon my honeſt word I am no God [e]."

"I am the naturaliſt, Empedocles. When I "leaped into the crater of Ætna, the vapour "forced me up hither, where I traverſe the "air, and live upon dew. My buſineſs at pre-"ſent is, to free you from your concern. I "perceive, Sir, you are troubled at not ſeeing "diſtinctly what is doing upon earth." You are very kind, ſaid I, good Empedocles; and, as ſoon as I go down again to Greece, I will not forget to make you a libation in the chimney-corner, and three times to adore you, with open mouth, at every new moon. "By En-"dymion, anſwered he, I come not to you with "any mercenary view! I am ſorry to ſee you

[e] Hom. Od. xvi. ver. 187.

"ſo

"ſo dejected: do you know how to improve "your ſight?" Not I truly, replied I, unleſs you could remove this cloud from my eyes: for I am almoſt blind. "You ſtand in no "need of my aſſiſtance, ſaid he, having brought "with you from the earth what you want." What is that, ſaid I; for I declare I know not what you mean? "Do not you know, ſaid he, "that you have got on the right wing of an "eagle?" Yes, ſaid I; but what have wings to do with eyes? "An eagle, ſaid he, is the "moſt ſharp-ſighted of all living creatures; "and he that can bear to look at the ſun with-"out winking, is accounted the royal bird, "of the * genuine breed." I have heard ſo, ſaid I; and am ſorry, that, before I came hi-ther, I did not pull out my own eyes, and fix thoſe of an eagle in the ſockets. I am but half equipped for my journey, and, for want of regalia, no better than a baſtard, or out-caſt. "But, ſaid he, it is your own fault, if you "have not one royal eye. For, if you will "riſe a little, holding your vulture's wing, and

* This method of reſolving doubts concerning legitimacy was practiſed with ſucceſs by certain eagles of Pliny's acquaintance. Nat. Hiſt. lib.

"ſhaking

" ſhaking the other, you will find, in propor-
" tion, that your right eye will become piercing;
" while the other, which belongs to the worſe
" ſide, will grow dim without remedy." Oh! ſaid I, I ſhall be contented to have one eagle's eye: that will ſerve my turn. For I have obſerved, that carpenters, uſing only one eye, manage their line ſo much the better. Having ſaid this, he withdrew a little, and vaniſhed inſenſibly into ſmoke; whilſt I was preparing to follow his directions. No ſooner had I begun to flap my wing, than a great light ſhone all around me, and I plainly diſcovered what before was imperceptible. Looking down upon earth, I diſtinctly beheld cities and men; I ſaw what they were doing, and not only in the open air, but in their own houſes, where they thought themſelves ſafe from all obſervation. I ſaw Ptolomey with his inceſtuous ſiſter; I ſaw the ſon of Lyſimachus plotting againſt his father; I ſaw Antiochus, the ſon of Seleucus, amorouſly nodding to Stratonice, his mother in law; I ſaw Alexander, the Theſſalian, murdered by his wife; I ſaw Antigonus polluting his daughter in law; I ſaw Attalus poiſoned

by his ſon; I ſaw Arſaces murdering his miſtreſs, and Arbaces the eunuch drawing his ſword againſt Arſaces. Spartinus, the Mede, was dragged out from the banquet, by the guards; after getting a black eye with a golden cup. In this manner went on all manner of wickedneſs in the palaces of Libya, of Scythia, and of Thrace; adulteries, murders, aſſaſſinations, robberies, perjuries! men in the utmoſt confuſion, betrayed by their moſt intimate friends!—Though the affairs of princes thus engaged my attention, thoſe of their ſubjects were in full as bad a ſituation. I ſaw Hermodorus, the Epicurean, forſwear himſelf for a thouſand drachmas; Agathocles, the ſtoick, going to law with his ſcholar for wages; Clinias, the orator, ſtealing a phial from the temple of Eſculapius; Hierophilus, the cynick, aſleep in a brothel. Houſebreakers, uſurers, duns, plaintiffs, and defendants, made up the reſt of the motley ſhew.

FRIEND.

I wiſh, Menippus, you would be particular, in relating what muſt have ſo highly delighted you.

MENIP-

MENIPPUS.

Indeed, my good friend, you muſt excuſe exact order and minuteneſs; ſince it was difficult to get even a curſory view of every thing. My account muſt be as general as that of Homer, when he deſcribes the [*f*] ſhield of Achilles, in one part of which were feaſts and weddings, in another aſſemblies and courts of juſtice. Here was a man ſacrificing, there was one mourning. The Getæ ſeemed a people engaged in war, and wandering Scythia rode in a waggon. Turning a little the other way, I beheld the Ægyptians at plow, the Phœnicians making bargains, the Cilicians robbing, the Lacedæmonians whipping, the Athenians at law. Think of this hodge-podge of human affairs, and you will allow it impoſſible for me to have got a very clear idea of every particular. It was like every man ſinging his own ſong at a concert: and you may imagine the odd effect of every one's exerting himſelf to the utmoſt, in juſtice to his own tune.

[*f*] Hom. Il. xviii.

FRIEND.

Ridiculous confuſion, to be ſure!

MENIPPUS.

Juſt ſo proceed all the performers upon earth! and ſuch is the ingenious diſcord of life! ſo jars the concert, where nothing is uniform! till the maſter of the ceremonies puſhes all off the ſtage, and declares the entertainment at an end! From that moment all are huſhed alike, and ceaſe their diſorderly ſong. But certainly in the diverſified theatre of life, where all things differ, all things agree in provoking diſdain. But what diverted me very highly, was to ſee them contending about the boundaries of their land, thinking it a great thing to have a Sicyonian farm, or one of Marathon near Oenoë, or to poſſeſs a thouſand Acharnian acres: meanwhile, with my four fingers, I thought I could have covered all Greece; of which Attica was a diminutive ſpot indeed! I could not but wonder what thoſe rich men could find to be ſo proud of, when the largeſt of their eſtates hardly exceeded an atom of Epicurus. When I caſt my eyes down upon Peloponneſus and Cynouria,

Cynouria, I could not help thinking for what a pitiful ſpeck, ſcarce bigger than a lentil, ſo many Argives and Spartans fell in one day! but to ſee a man proud of his money, or his finery, eight rings, and four cups, ye gods! one is ready to burſt! when Pangæus, with all its mines, was hardly more than a millet-ſeed!

FRIEND.

Oh! you have been a happy fellow! But tell me, pr'ythee, how the cities and the men look-ed, when you were ſo high above them.

MENIPPUS.

I ſuppoſe you have ſeen an ant-hill, where ſome are wriggling round and round, ſome going out, others coming home; one dragging out dung, one running in with a bean-ſhell, another wiih half a grain of wheat: in that manner live men, a mixt multitude of archi-tects, demagogues, ſtateſmen, fidlers, and phi-loſophers. If this way of elucidating my ar-gument requires any apology, I refer you to the ancient traditions of Theſſaly; where you will find, that the warlike race of Myrmidons

were originally ants.—When I had ſeen all I could, and laughed to my heart's content, I ſhook my feathers, and took my flight towards the

[g] Houſe of deities, the court of Jove.

I had hardly aſcended a hundred paces, when the moon, with a feminine voice, called after me, "I wiſh you a good journey, Menippus! "Will you do me a ſmall favour above?" If you have nothing heavy to carry, ſaid I, I beg you will command me. "Only a meſſage, an- "ſwered ſhe; I only want you to preſent a "humble petition to Jupiter. I am peſtered "beyond all enduring by a generation of men, "who call themſelves philoſophers; who, hav- "ing no buſineſs of their own, muſt needs be "troubling their heads about me. They queſ- "tion me who I am, and how big I am, and "for what reaſon I appear ſometimes to have "loſt a little piece of my cheek, and ſometimes "a full half of my face. Some ſay, that I "am inhabited; others, that I hang over the "ſea for a looking-glaſs. Whatever proceeds "from their own muddy brains they place to

[g] Hom. Il. i. ver. 222.

"my

" my account. Then they will have it, that
" mine is a baſtard-light, and not honeſtly come
" by, ſince it proceeds from my brother the
" ſun, with whom they wickedly endeavour to
" ſet me at variance. As for him, they ſay,
" he is a ſtone, or a maſs of fire. And yet,
" notwithſtanding the liberties they take with
" me, I have ſcorned to divulge the midnight
" practices of theſe grave perſonages, ſo re-
" ſpectable by day-light, and ſo admired by
" fools. For I think it unbecoming to ex-
" poſe what paſſes in ſecret. When I catch
" them in adultery, or theft, or any other deed
" of darkneſs, I immediately withdraw behind
" a cloud, that I may not expoſe to unhallow-
" ed eyes what could ſo little be expected in
" men advanced in years, of ſuch enormous
" beards, and ſuch extraordinary pretenſions to
" virtue. Yet, as if all this forbearance of
" mine ſignified nothing, they are continually
" pulling me in pieces, and miſuſing me every
" way they can think of. Night is my wit-
" neſs, that I have often had it in my head to
" remove to ſome far diſtant tract, beyond the
" reach of their impertinent tongues. Pray

"do not forget to tell all this to Jupiter, and "aſſure him, that there is abſolutely no living "here for me, unleſs he agrees to break the "necks of theſe naturaliſts, ſtop up the mouths "of the dialecticks, demoliſh the porch, ſet "fire to the academy, and make an end of "the peripateticks. If he would do this, I "might be at peace, and keep my dimenſions "to myſelf, which they are now every day pre-"tending to meaſure." Very well, ſaid I, I will execute your commiſſion. Immediately I ſet forwards for heaven,

[b] Where marks of neither man nor beaſt appear.

Preſently the moon looked a little diminutive thing, and the earth under her diſappeared. Leaving the ſun upon my right, and flying through the ſtars, on the third day I ſaw the end of my journey. At firſt I thought of an immediate admittance, ſuppoſing I ſhould paſs unnoticed, being half an eagle; and knowing the eagle to be an old favourite of Jupiter's. Then again I conſidered the probability of being detected, from having the wing of a vulture. Judging it beſt therefore to avoid the

[b] Hom. Od. ii. ver. 98.

danger,

danger, I ſtept up and knocked at the door. Preſently comes Mercury, who, having enquired my name, ran back to tell Jupiter; and I was ſoon introduced, all pale and trembling, to a general aſſembly of the gods, who looked almoſt as much concerned as myſelf. This unexpected viſit of mine had not a little diſconcerted them; and they were beginning to doubt, whether it would not become faſhionable for mortals to fly to heaven, ſince I had ſet the example. Jupiter, ſcrewing up his features, and looking like a [i] Titan, ſaid,

Who art thou? how deſcended? of what place?

I was thunderſtruck with his voice, and ready to die with fear. After ſome time, being a little come to myſelf, I told him honeſtly every particular from the beginning, of my conceiving a deſire to be acquainted with ſublime things, of my conſulting the philoſophers, of their groſs contradictions, how I was diſtracted and driven to deſpair, of my ſubſequent project, how I had contrived my wings, and in

[i] Τιτανωδὶς. To look like a Titan, is to look big. The Titans might well be thought to look big, who had the aſſurance to attempt dethroning their uncle Jupiter.

ſhort-

ſhort every circumſtance that happened in my way to heaven. Laſt of all, I delivered my meſſage from the moon. Jupiter then opened his brows a little, and, ſmiling, obſerved, that it was in vain to talk of Othus and Ephialtes, when even Menippus had dared to climb the ſkies. However, at preſent, ſays he, I beg you to accept of ſuch entertainment as this place affords; and I will diſmiſs you to-morrow, after we have conferred together on the occaſion of your coming. Saying this, he got up, and walked to a kind of whiſpering-gallery, where he finds it moſt convenient to hear the vows of mortals, for which this was the hour of audience. Going along, he was pleaſed to aſk many queſtions concerning matters below. He enquired how wheat ſold in Greece, whether we had been greatly pinched by the ſeverity of the laſt winter, and whether the cabbage wanted rain. He aſked me, whether any now remained of the race of [k] Phidias, why the Athenians had omitted the feaſts of Jupiter ſo many years, whether they had any thoughts

[k] Phidias was famous for making an ivory image of Jupiter Olympius; which might occaſion this enquiry.

of

of finiſhing his temple on mount Olympus, and whether the villains had been taken, who pilfered his ſhrine at Dodona. When I had anſwered theſe queſtions, "Pr'ythee, Menippus, ſays "Jupiter, what ſentiments do men entertain con-"cerning me?" What ſentiments, ſaid I, but the moſt dutiful and affectionate! that you are the king of all the gods. "You joke, ſaid he; I "know better: they are fond of novelty. "There was a time indeed when they eſteem-"ed me a prophet, and a phyſician, and every "thing: not a market, not a ſtreet, was without "its Jupiter. Piſa and Dodona were ſeen "glittering from afar. Scarcely could I open "mine eyes for the ſmoke of inceſſant ſacri-"fice. But, ſince Apollo has ſet up the trade "of fortune-telling at Delphi, Æſculapius has "kept an apothecary's ſhop at Pergamos, Ben-"dis has had her temple in Thrace, Anubis "in Ægypt, and Diana at Epheſus; all the "world runs after them, hold a hundred meet-"ings, and ſlaughter many a hundred bulls to "their praiſe: while I, a poor ſuperannuated "old fellow, muſt be contented with the abun-"dant honour of being recollected once in five

"years

"years at Olympia. You ſee, my altars are "colder than the inſtitutes of Plato, or the "ſyllogiſms of Chryſippus."—With ſuch converſation as this we paſſed away the time, till we came to the place, where he was to ſit and hear petitions. There were trap-doors placed in order, with covers to them, reſembling draw-wells, and cloſe by each was placed a golden throne. Seating himſelf by the firſt of theſe apertures, Jupiter took up the lid, and liſtened. Various and manifold were the prayers, that were ſent up from all parts of the world at once. For I too applied my head to the vent, and heard. One prayed very ardently to poſſeſs a kingdom, another was no leſs eager for onions and garlick; one begged of Jupiter to take to himſelf the ſoul of his father, another urged the like requeſt in behalf of his wife. One man begged of Jupiter not to mention his project of murdering his brother; ſome deſired ſucceſs in law-ſuits, others crowns at the Olympick games. Of the people at ſea, one requeſted a north wind, another a ſouth wind. The farmer prayed for rain, the fuller for ſun-ſhine. Jupiter liſteded attentively,

tively, and conſidered every thing well, but did not always promiſe.

[*l*] This would his godſhip grant, and that refuſe. All reaſonable demands were admitted through the opening, and laid up on the right hand; others he puffed away down to earth, nor would ſuffer them to come near him. There was a particular caſe, which puzzled him. Of two men with equal pretenſions, as promiſing equal offerings, each requeſted what was directly contrary to, and incompatible with, the deſire of the other. So that Jupiter was in that ſuſpence of the Academicks, which makes it impoſſible to come to a reſolution; and was as much a ſceptick as [*m*] Pyrrho himſelf.—When he had done with theſe petitioners, he removed to the next throne, at the ſecond opening; and, bending his head, heard great plenty of oaths. Having knocked out the brains of the perjur-

[*l*] Hom. Il. xvi. ver. 250.

[*m*] Pyrrho lived with his ſiſter, and uſed to carry chickens to market, and ſweep the houſe, and waſh the diſhes. His temper was not eaſily irritated; for, when he talked of his learning, he was quite indifferent whether any body liſtened to him or not. See Diog. Laer.

ed

ed Hermodorus, he went to the next place, where buſineſs relating to augury and divination is tranſacted. From thence he croſſed over to the window, where the aſcending ſmoke made known to him the name of every one employed in offering ſacrifice. Theſe too being diſpatched, he next proceeded to give orders to the Winds and Weather. Let there be rain, ſays he, in Scythia to-day; lightning in Libya; ſnow in Greece; let Boreas bluſter in Lydia, and let Notus be at reſt; let the Weſt-wind roll the Adriatick; and let a thouſand buſhels of hail, or thereabouts, be ſcattered in Cappadocia.—At laſt, every thing being ſettled, we repaired to the banqueting-houſe; for it was now ſupper-time. Mercury took me under his care, and ſeated me by Pan, and the Corybantes, and Attis, and Sabazius, thoſe upſtart divinities, of doubtful title. Ceres ſerved us with bread, Bacchus with wine, Hercules with butcher's meat; Venus ſupplied us with myrtle-berries, and Neptune with anchovies. Now and then I could ſteal a taſte of nectar and ambroſia. For you muſt know, Ganymede is a good-

a good-natured fellow, and, when Jupiter was looking another way, he two or three times brought me a tumbler. The gods neither eat bread nor drink wine, as [n] Homer ſays, and as I myſelf obſerved, who had a much better opportunity of knowing than he. Yet they feaſt on ambroſia, and grow jolly over their nectar. But they are never better pleaſed than with the reliſhing ſmoke of a ſacrifice, or the warm ſteam of blood freſh from their altars. During ſupper we were entertained with Apollo playing on his harp, and the ſaraband of Silenus. The Muſes got up, and ſang the [o] Theogony of Heſiod, and the firſt ode of Pindar. When every body was tolerably well moiſtened, we went to reſt, in our places.

[p] Now gods and men their labouring eye-lids cloſe,
And all but mine are ſhut in ſoft repoſe.

For I had many thoughts to keep me awake. Amongſt other perplexing doubts, I could not gueſs why Apollo's beard was not yet grown

[n] Hom. Il. v. ver. 341.

[o] Not the whole of it. It contains 1021 verſes, a great deal too much for convivial joy to attend to.

[p] Hom. Il. ii. ver. 1.

in

in ſo many years; and I wondered how Night got admittance into heaven, where the ſun is a conſtant gueſt. At laſt however I ſlumbered a little. Jupiter, getting up early the next morning, called a full houſe, and ſpoke as follows: "The ſtranger, who came hither yeſter-
"day, has occaſioned my calling you together.
"Indeed I had long thought of conſulting with
"you about thoſe philoſophers; but being
"now greatly provoked with accounts of them
"ſent from the moon, I am reſolved to defer
"it no longer. A ſet of frothy fellows have
"lately over-run the age, who are lazy, quar-
"relſome, vain, paſſionate, ravenous, fooliſh,
"conceited, foul-mouthed, an [q] idle burden
"to the earth. They have ſplit themſelves into
"Sects, and deviſed various labyrinths of ra-
"tiocination. Some call themſelves Stoicks,
"others Academicks, others Epicureans, and
"others Peripateticks; not to mention other
"appellations much more ridiculous. En-
"trenching themſelves behind the venerable
"name of virtue, exalting their eye-brows, and
"ſtroking their beards, they conceal their vile

[q] Ετωσιον αχθος αρουρης. Hom. Il. xviii. ver. 104.

"deſigns

" deſigns in a counterfeit habit, and ſtrut about,
" as you have ſeen one of the ſtalkers in tra-
" gedy, from whom, if you ſtrip off his maſk
" and his embroidered robe, what is left of him
" is a contemptible poor wretch hired for
" [r] ſeven drachmæ to play the fool. Yet
" they have the aſſurance to deſpiſe all other
" men, tell monſtrous ſtories of the gods, gull
" credulous young men, vaunt of their com-
" mon-place virtue, vend their dear ambiguity,
" ever full of the praiſes of moderation and
" temperance, and ever decrying all riches and
" all pleaſure, before thoſe who are fools
" enough to believe them. But, were you to
" ſee them by themſelves what they really are,
" you would be aſtoniſhed: their luxury, their
" debauchery, their ſordid avarice, is beyond all
" bounds. What is moſt provoking of all,
" though themſelves do no one earthly thing
" of uſe, neither publick nor private, but are
" altogether ſupernumerary and good for no-
" thing,

" [s] Uſeleſs in council, as unfit for arms;

[r] 4s. 6½d.
[s] Hom. Il. ii. ver. 202.

" yet are they for ever finding fault with other " people, induſtriouſly heaping up all the viru- " lence and ſcandal they can rake together on " their neighbours. And he is the greateſt " man amongſt them, who is beſt qualified, by " impudence and clamour, for every kind of " abuſe. If you ſhould take the liberty of aſk- " ing ſuch a fellow: " I beſeech you, Sir, in " the name of all the gods, what are you good " for? what do you contribute to the emolu- " ment of human life?"—If he anſwers truly, " he muſt ſay: " Why ſhould I go to ſea, or " follow the plough, or ſerve in the war, or " exerciſe any trade? ſince, to make a noiſe, " to go dirty, to plunge into cold water, to go " barefooted in winter, and, like Momus, to " cenſure the actions of others, anſwers my pur- " poſe much better? If a rich man indulges " himſelf in good eating, or keeps a miſtreſs, " I am never at eaſe, till I have an opportunity " of tattling. But a friend or companion may " be ſick, and in want of help, without my " knowing any thing of the matter."—You ſee, " ye gods, what kind of cattle they are!—But " the Epicureans are the ſaucieſt of all, not

" ſparing

" ſparing even us. They affirm, that the gods " take no cognizance of human affairs, nor ever " regard what paſſes in the world. Is it not " then high time to look about you? For, if " once men ſhould come into this opinion, I " fancy you may ſtarve for them. Who, do " you think, will offer a ſacrifice, which, he " believes, will do him no good? As to the " complaints from the moon, you all heard the " ſtranger relate them yeſterday. I would have " you conſider the matter, and reſolve on ſome- " thing moſt uſeful to mankind, with the " greateſt ſafety to yourſelves." When Jupiter had ended, a murmur ran through the whole aſſembly, and all cried out at once, [*t*] " Blaſt " them! burn them! daſh them to pieces! " down with them to hell! down with them " among the rebels!" Jupiter, having again commanded ſilence, ſaid: " Things ſhall be as " you wiſh; they and their gibberiſh ſhall pe- " riſh together. But nobody can be puniſhed

[*t*] Such language does not ſeem altogether becoming the place. Tacitus indeed ſays, that a great noiſe and uproar were not uncommon in the Roman Senate: but one might have expected better manners in a cœleſtial aſſembly.

" at preſent; for you know it is holiday-time,
" and I have ordered a vacation of four months.
" But in the beginning of next ſpring the vil-
" lains ſhall feel my bolt.

[*r*] He ſpake, his nodding brows announcing fate.
" As to Menippus, let Mercury take him home
" to earth. But let his wings be clipped, that
" we may have no more of his company
" here." Saying this, he diſmiſſed the aſſem-bly. Mercury, laying hold of my right ear, yeſterday in the afternoon landed me in the [*w*] Ceramicus. Now, my friend, I have told you all, all from heaven. I am going with the good news to the philoſophers walking in the [*x*] Pœcile.

[*u*] Hom. Il. i. ver. 528.

[*w*] A burial-place at Athens for ſuch as had been ſlain in war.

[*x*] Pœcile, ποικιλη, *various*, was the portico or piazza, which took its name from being adorned with various pictures of Athenian battles. In porticibus deambulantes diſputabant philoſophi. Cicero de Oratore, ii.

OF

OF EXERCISES[y].

[z]ANACHARSIS a Scythian,

AND

SOLON the Lawgiver of ATHENS.

[y] See a diſſertation on the Olympick games by Gilbert Weſt, Eſq;

[z] Anacharſis was the only philoſopher of his country. He improved himſelf by travel, and, at his return home, was put to death by the king his brother, for endeavouring to introduce the Athenian laws. The king perhaps did not believe Anacharſis, when he ſaid, that laws were like cob-webs, which caught little flies, but could not hold waſps and hornets. Cicero, Tuſc. Quæſt. v.

OF EXERCISES.

ANACHARSIS.

WHAT is it theſe young men are about? They twiſt themſelves round each other, endeavour to trip one another up, ſtop one another's breath, and roll and tumble in the dirt like ſo many hogs. When they firſt ſtripped off their clothes (for I was ſtanding by) they greaſed and rubbed one another very lovingly; after which, all at once, without any quarrel that I could perceive, they began to puſh and butt one againſt the other, like a couple of rams. Mind him there! he has got his antagoniſt off his legs, and daſhed him againſt the ground! He throws himſelf upon him, ſinks him deeper into the mud, and will not

ſuffer him to get up. Then, with his knees on his belly, and his elbow in his throat, he almoſt ſuffocates the poor wretch, who pats his ſhoulder, beſeeching him, I ſuppoſe, not to ſtifle him outright. They are not at all careful to keep either their oil or themſelves from the dirt. One cannot but ſmile to ſee them as ſlippery as eels, all over greaſe and ſweat and mire. There are others, in the open air, who do the ſame thing, except that, before they engage, they ſprinkle one another, like cocks, with ſand. The ſand, I ſuppoſe, dries up the lubricity of the ſkin, and gives them a faſter hold. Standing upright, covered with duſt, behold! how they beat and kick one another! That poor fellow looks ready to ſpit out his teeth, together with a mouthful of blood and ſand, which he has got by a blow on his face. The [*a*] magiſtrate yonder does not interfere to end the diſpute. (I ſuppoſe the gentleman in purple is a magiſtrate.) So far from diſcouraging it, he praiſes him who gave the blow. Others are in violent agitation, and, without

[*a*] The Gymnaſiarch, or Preſident of the Exerciſes.

removing,

removing from their place, have all the trouble of running; leaping, jumping, and kicking the air. I ſhould be glad to know what can poſſibly be the uſe of all this. For my part, I take them to be mad, and ſhall not eaſily be convinced of the contrary.

SOLON.

I do not at all wonder, Anacharſis, at what you ſay. Theſe things muſt needs appear very ſtrange to a Scythian; as no doubt many of your cuſtoms would to a Greek. But believe me, Sir, what you ſee is not the effect of madneſs; nor is it a miſchievous diſpoſition, which prompts theſe young men to beat one another, and cover one another with dirt, or ſand. This uſeful exerciſe is not unpleaſant, and contributes greatly to the ſtrength of the body. I dare ſay, if you ſhould continue any conſiderable time in Greece (as I hope you will) you would become one of theſe dirty duſty fellows yourſelf; and find both the pleaſure and advantage of it.

ANA-

ANACHARSIS.

Pr'ythee, Solon, do not make a fool of one. Much good may ſuch amuſements do thoſe that like them! But, if any Grecian ſhould preſume to ſerve me ſo, he ſhould ſoon find, that I do not wear a ſword for nothing.—But I beg, Sir, to know what you call all this, or what you would have me believe they are doing?

SOLON.

We call this place the Gymnaſium: there, Sir, is the temple of the Lycian Apollo. You ſee his ſtatue reclining on a pillar, with a bow in his left hand, and ſupporting his head with the right, as being weary, and wanting to reſt himſelf. That exerciſe there in the mud is called wreſtling, as is alſo that in the ſand. Thoſe who beat one another ſtanding upright are Pancratiaſts, whoſe exerciſe is partly wreſtling and partly boxing. We have ſeparate conteſts of the Cæſtus, of leaping, and throwing the quoit; in all which the conqueror obtains honour and gets a prize.

ANACHARSIS.

And what may your prizes be?

SOLON.

In the Olympick games a garland of wild olive, in the Iſthmian one of pine leaves, in the Nemean one of parſley, in the Pythian ſacred apples; and we Athenians, in our Panathenæan games, give the oil of Minerva's olive. What do you laugh at, Anacharſis? do you think ſuch rewards inconſiderable?

ANACHARSIS.

By no means, Sir: I think the rewards are exceedingly proper, befitting the bounty of the magnificent donors, and ſuited to the extravagant ambition of thoſe who obtain them! It is richly worth while, to be ſure, to labour ſo hard, to be ſo ſhockingly abuſed, to endanger limbs and life too, for an apple or a bit of parſley! for, moſt confeſſedly, without all this kicking, beating, and bemiring, it would be impoſſible to get apples, pine leaves, or parſley!

SOLON.

SOLON.

My good Sir, it is not the rewards themſelves, which we conſider; otherwiſe than as they are tokens of victory and diſtinction, for which the candidates of Fame are contented to be kicked, and bear every hardſhip. For glory is not the portion of the lazy, but the delightful end of long and laborious difficulty.

ANACHARSIS.

To ſhew their garlands and their bruiſes, to be praiſed by thoſe who pitied them, to be repaid for their troubles with apples and parſley, muſt make them very happy!

SOLON.

You are a ſtranger. But you will come into a proper way of thinking, when once you have been preſent at our publick ſpectacles, where you will ſee ſuch crowds of people, the theatres filled with admiring thouſands, praiſing the combatants, and extolling the victorious to the very ſkies.

ANACHARSIS.

The matter is ſo much the worſe, that the indignity is not to be ſuffered in the ſight of only

only two or three, but in a publick aſſembly of the people, who are all eye-witneſſes to the happineſs of him who ſtreams with blood, and has the breath ſqueezed out of his body! For ſuch is the felicity attendant on victory. But, in my country, Solon, whoever was to ſtrike a citizen, or throw him down, or tear his clothes, would be ſeverely puniſhed for it by the magiſtrate; although the affront were given in preſence of only a few, and not in ſuch crowded theatres as thoſe of Iſthmus or Olympia. From my heart I pity your combatants, conſidering how much they endure. And I no leſs admire the madneſs of the ſpectators, who, you ſay, conſiſt of the moſt reſpectable from all parts; that they ſhould abandon their neceſſary concerns, and find leiſure to frequent theſe feſtivals. I cannot conceive the pleaſure of ſeeing men beating and wounding one another, daſhing to the ground, and mangling the bodies one of another.

SOLON.

I only wiſh, Anacharſis, that you had an opportunity of being preſent at the Olympick, or Iſthmian,

Iſthmian, or Panathenæan Games: you would then ſee our reaſons for retaining ſuch cuſtoms, and being fond of ſuch amuſements, as no deſcription can give you an adequate idea of. If you were once ſeated amongſt the ſpectators, and beheld the accompliſhments of the combatants, the beauty of their perſons, their admirable health and vigour, their aſtoniſhing ſkill, their invincible ſtrength, their boldneſs, their ambition, their ardour of reſolution, their unremitting eagerneſs for victory—were you to ſee all this, I am very ſure, that you would never have done praiſing, ſhouting, and applauding.

ANACHARSIS.

Could any man living, on ſuch an occaſion, refrain from laughter and deriſion? All the virtues, O Solon, that you have enumerated, all that health, all that vigour, all that beauty, and all that boldneſs, are well diſpoſed of truly! You muſt derive great advantages from ſuch qualities ſo employed, when neither your country is endangered, your lands laid waſte, your families injured, nor your friends oppreſſed! Seriouſly I look upon theſe diſtinguiſhed perſonages in a very ridiculous light. I ſhall never forbear

forbear laughing, when I think of men bearing ſo many hardſhips, ſtruggling with ſo many difficulties, diſfiguring their fine perſons with mud and ſand, and freely putting up with black eyes and bloody noſes; to obtain the honourable enjoyment of an apple, or an olive branch. But have all the combatants theſe rewards?

SOLON.

No, certainly; only the conqueror.

ANACHARSIS.

And ſo many are eager to engage in a conteſt, where the chances are ſo greatly againſt them, and where they know that only one can have the prize; where all the reſt muſt ſit down with the ſatisfaction of being ſoundly beaten and grievouſly wounded!

SOLON.

You ſeem, Anacharſis, to be yet to learn what conſtitutes good government: otherwiſe you would not think of blaming theſe excellent inſtitutions. But, if you ſhould ever ſtudy the formation of a ſtate, and the probable means of

of producing the beſt citizens, you will then commend theſe exerciſes of ours, and that emulation, which we ſo much encourage; and you will ſee your great miſtake, in ſuppoſing that theſe men have only their labour for their pains.

ANACHARSIS.

I am come, Solon, to your country, as far as from Scythia, over a prodigious tract of land, and over the vaſt and tempeſtuous Euxine ſea, for no other purpoſe, but to inform myſelf of the laws and manners of the Greeks, and to enquire into the beſt forms of government; for which reaſon I have preferred your friendſhip and hoſpitality to thoſe of all the other Athenians, from your fame as a legiſlator and moraliſt, the introducer of uſeful diſcipline, and modeller of the whole commonwealth. You cannot, I aſſure you, be more deſirous of teaching, than I am of learning. I ſhall be contented to ſit, without eating or drinking, and greedily liſten as long as your ſtrength and ſpirits will enable you to diſcourſe on whatever relates to government and laws.

SOLON.

It would be impoſſible to bring you acquainted with every thing at once. But, by attending to one thing after another, you will underſtand the reaſons of our inſtitutions concerning the gods, our parents, our marriages, and ſo forth. As to what we have thought fit to determine concerning our young men, and how we diſpoſe of them, as ſoon as they are able to diſtinguiſh what is right, being in full ſtrength, and able to bear hardſhips; I am going to explain that matter to you now, that you may underſtand why we order theſe exerciſes, and our reaſons for inuring our youth to toil. Certainly it is not for the mere obtaining of the prizes, which accompany theſe conteſts (which fall to the ſhare of but a very few), but that the whole community, as well as theſe individuals, may be benefited in ſomething of greater conſequence. For there is one common purſuit, in which all good citizens are engaged; which, though not for a garland of pine, or olive, or parſley, yet comprehends in it the univerſal good of mankind; as publick and private liberty,

the enjoyment of riches and glory, of eſtabliſhed feſtivals, of domeſtick ſecurity, and, in ſhort, all the good things for which we are wont to ſupplicate the gods. Theſe are all interwoven in the garland I mean, which is acquired in the conteſt, to which theſe labours and theſe exerciſes lead the way.

ANACHARSIS.

Truly I wonder, Solon, when you had rewards of ſuch conſequence to reckon up, that you ſhould ſpend any time in deſcanting on apples, and parſley, and pines, and olives.

SOLON.

Even theſe you will conſider with ſome reſpect, when you have heard what I have to ſay. They derive their origin from the ſame ſource, and are inferior parts in that great conteſt, and of that crown, which confers, as I obſerved, all human happineſs.—But I know not how it has happened, the diſcourſe, tranſgreſſing all order, has begun with the tranſactions of the Iſthmus, Olympia, and Nemea. However, ſince we are both at leiſure, and you are ſo willing to hear,

we

we can eaſily go back, and deduce from its principles that great conteſt, which occaſions all the reſt.

ANACHARSIS.

Undoubtedly it would be beſt to ſpeak of things in their natural order. By which means I may poſſibly be ſoon convinced of my miſtake, and think it no longer a laughing matter, to ſee a man pompous and proud, for having got a garland of olive or parſley. If you will, we will retire into the ſhade, where we may ſit on the benches, undiſturbed by the ſhouts to the wreſtlers. Beſides, to tell you the truth, I cannot well bear the ſun, darting his fierce and fiery rays upon my naked head. For I left my cap at home, becauſe I would not look ſingular in any thing foreign. But this is the ſeaſon of the year, when the dogſtar (as you call it) rages intolerably, burning and ſcorching the whole atmoſphere; while the ſun, being directly over one's head at noon, occaſions a degree of heat, which is inſupportable. I wonder how an old man like you can bear it without ſweating, as I do. Not at all incommoded, you think not

of looking for ſhelter in the ſhade, but continue unconcerned in the burning ſun.

SOLON.

Theſe inſignificant labours, O Anacharſis, theſe continual tumbles in the mire, theſe pains in the hot ſand, make us proof againſt the rays of the ſun. We want no caps, to keep off the heat.—But let us go. I would not have you place an implicit belief in all I ſay. Whenever you think me in the wrong, I hope you will put me right, and make no ſcruple of contradicting me. By this way of proceeding, one of theſe two conſequences muſt follow.—Either you will be thoroughly convinced, being confuted in all your objections: or I ſhall recant my miſtakes, and learn my political creed anew; by which you will merit the thanks of every Athenian. For the more you reclaim me from my errors, and bring me to a juſter way of thinking, the more you will be a benefactor to my country. When that is the caſe, I ſhall conceal nothing, nor keep any thing back from the common ſtock of knowledge; but will addreſs myſelf to my countrymen: "I have

"com-

" compoſed, O men of Athens, ſuch laws as I " thought would be moſt for the good of the " ſtate. But this ſtranger (meaning you, " Anacharſis), this Scythian, who is a wiſe man, " hath compelled me, by dint of argument, " to change my ſentiments, pointing out to " me other and better laws and inſtitutions than " my own. It is therefore your part to enrol " him amongſt your benefactors, and erect him " a brazen ſtatue, near the image of Minerva, " amongſt thoſe illuſtrious men, from whom " our Athenian tribes derive their names." Do not imagine, that the men of Athens will think it any diſgrace to be inſtructed, though by a ſtranger and Barbarian, in what ſo eſſentially concerns the commonwealth.

ANACHARSIS.

I had heard before, that you Athenians are much addicted to raillery. How ſhould I, a poor wandering ruſtick, the unſettled inhabitant of a waggon, perpetually changing my ſituation, who never lived in, never ſaw a city before this—how is it poſſible for me to harangue on

government, or preſume to inſtruct [b] a people bred in their own ſoil, a city ſo ancient, ſo long happy under the influence of ſuch excellent laws? and eſpecially how can I aſſume ſuch a character in the preſence of Solon, the ſtudy of whoſe life has been to diſcover by what means a ſtate may flouriſh, and by what laws and manners the people are rendered happy? It well becomes me in this matter to pay all imaginable deference to you. Though I ſhall not fail to offer my objections to what may appear leſs manifeſt; that, by the removal of them, you may more effectually inform me of what is right. We are now in the ſhade, out of the reach of the ſun; and here is a very good ſeat on this cold ſtone. Explain to me therefore in full the effects of Exerciſe, which your people are inured to from boys; and tell me how clay, and labour, and duſt, and tumbling, conſtitute a great man. This I long to know firſt: you will teach me other things in their turn. But pray remember that you are ſpeaking to a Barbarian; neither puzzle me with intricacy, nor outrun me with prolixity; leſt

[b] Αὐτοχθονας, eodem innatos ſolo quod incolunt. Juſtin.

I for-

I forget the beginning, before we come to the end.

SOLON.

You will be the beſt judge of that yourſelf. Whenever I loſe perſpicuity, or run away from the argument, you may call me to order, and aſk what queſtions you pleaſe. However, I hope, if nothing is ſaid foreign to the purpoſe, nor inconſiſtent with the ſubject, that you will allow me a reaſonable length. For even in the court of Areopagus, which decides in capital caſes, it has ever been the cuſtom of our country to allow of long ſpeeches. Whenever the court ſits for the trial of murder, or wilful maiming, or deſtroying of property by fire, each party has liberty to ſpeak, the one after the other. Or, if they themſelves have not the faculty of making ſpeeches, they may hire others to plead for them. And, as long as they ſpeak to the purpoſe, they are patiently attended to. But, if any one artfully endeavours to gain over the inclinations of the judges, or to excite pity or indignation by a profuſion of oratorial impertinence (which is often attempted by young

pleaders), the crier immediately ſteps forward, and commands ſilence. It is not permitted them to trifle with the court, nor raiſe a miſt about the cauſe, to prevent the naked truth from appearing. I now, Anacharſis, conſtitute you an Areopagite. As long as I ſpeak to the point, and follow the rules of court, you will give me your attention: but, whenever I wander abroad in mood and figure, you will immediately ſtop my tongue, and reſtrain me within due bounds; yet ſo as never to prevent my expatiating at large on what comes within the compaſs of our deſign. While we are unmoleſted by the ſun, you can have no great cauſe to complain, though the diſcourſe ſhould prove none of the ſhorteſt. The ſhade is thick, and we have nothing to do.

ANACHARSIS.

You are right, Solon. I think myſelf much obliged by your digreſſion concerning the cuſtoms of Mars's hill, and the proceedings of thoſe worthy magiſtrates, who fix their whole attention on the truth. Proceed then; while I, an

an Areopagite (for ſuch you have made me), will liſten to you, like myſelf.

SOLON.

In the firſt place, it will be proper to ſhew you briefly what we underſtand by a city and citizens. We conſider not a city, as conſiſting in its edifices, in its walls, temples, and harbours. All theſe are at beſt a kind of firm and immovable body, fitted for the reception and ſecurity of the people. All power and authority belongs to them. It is the people who fill, order, perfect, and protect the whole; in the ſame manner as the ſoul animates every one of us. Upon theſe principles, we extend our cares, as you may obſerve, to the body of the city, which we adorn with the moſt elegant ſtructures within, and ſecure with the ſtrongeſt fortifications without. But our firſt and greateſt of all cares is, that the people may have virtuous minds, and ſtrong bodies: ſuch will be of uſe to each other in peace, and will ſave and defend the liberty and happineſs of the ſtate in war. To accompliſh ſuch ends, we commit the

firſt

firſt care of their education to [c] mothers, and [c] NURSES, and [c] ſchoolmaſters; who, we expect, will teach them what is proper to begin with, and lay the foundation of a liberal turn of mind. But as ſoon as they begin to perceive the beauty of virtue; when modeſty, and a ſenſe of ſhame, and fear, and a deſire to excel, have taken root in their minds; when their bodies are able to endure labour, being more firm and compact; we then alter the diſcipline and culture both of the mind and body. For we think it not ſufficient merely to be born under ſuch circumſtances as all others are; unleſs our bodies and minds are cultivated in ſuch a manner as will conduce moſt to private and publick advantage. By care and diligence our good diſpoſitions are improved and ſtrengthened, and whatever is amiſs is altered for the better. In this we copy the example of the huſbandman, who, while his plants are young and tender, covers and ſecures them from the wind;

[c] The ſuperior merit of the nurſe conſtantly bears away the palm from her competitors. It is to the credit of mankind, that no age has been barren of gratitude to ſo propitious a character. She is ſeen in the beſt company, and has had poetical juſtice done her by Homer, Virgil, and Pope.

but,

but, when the ſtalk has acquired ſufficient firmneſs, cutting off every ſuperfluous part, he commits them freely to be blown and ſhaken by every breeze; of which he reaps the advantage. We firſt excite in their minds a deſire of learning muſick, and arithmetick; we teach them to write, and read diſtinctly. As they grow up, we frequently repeat to them the ſayings of wiſe men, the exploits of antiquity, and uſeful leſſons, put into verſe, that they may be more eaſily remembered. Hearing thus of the virtuous and memorable actions of famous men, they are inflamed by degrees with a deſire of imitating them; that they too may be celebrated and admired by poſterity; like the heroes of old Homer and Heſiod. By and by, when they are of age to be employed in the ſtate, and take upon them the management of publick affairs—but this is digreſſing. For I intended not at firſt to ſhew the manner of exerciſing the mind: the buſineſs was, to let you ſee the propriety of inuring the bodies of our youths to labour. I therefore enjoin myſelf ſilence, without waiting for the crier, or expecting the reprehenſion of ſuch an Areopagite as you,

who, I ſuppoſe, are too good-natured to recall me from my wandering.

ANACHARSIS.

What is the reaſon, Solon, that, in the Areopagus, when a man conceals the moſt important circumſtances in profound ſilence, the court does not think of puniſhing him?

SOLON.

I cannot anſwer your queſtion, without knowing what you mean.

ANACHARSIS.

I mean, that you are paſſing by the beſt part of the ſubject, and what would give me greateſt pleaſure to hear. Neglecting what belongs to the mind, you would confine your diſcourſe to the labours and exerciſes of the body; which are matters of leſs conſequence.

SOLON.

Becauſe, Sir, I very well remember what we begun with, and have no deſire to overload your memory with too many words. However, I will

will briefly touch upon that point alſo. For to handle it accurately would require a complete diſcourſe. We temper and harmonize their minds by teaching them the common laws, all of which are expoſed to the publick, who ſee written in large letters the duties they are to perform, and the vices they are to avoid. We introduce them to the acquaintance of good men, ſuch as we call Sophiſts and [d] Philoſophers, from whoſe converſation they learn to ſpeak properly, to do juſtice, to live as becomes fellow-citizens, to engage in no mean purſuit, to follow what is good, to forbear every kind of violence. In the comedies and tragedies, which are publickly repreſented in the theatre, we ſet before them the virtues and vices of old times, that they may learn to emulate the former, and abhor the latter. We allow our players the liberty of ridiculing and ſatirizing ſuch of our citizens as act unworthily of their character, and are a diſgrace to the ſtate. [e] Which is done not only on their account, but

[d] A word unknown in Solon's time.

[e] The truth is, that Solon was ſo far from hoping to reform men's manners by theatrical repreſentations, that, when

but for the ſake of others. For men, ſeeing themſelves thus expoſed to deriſion, will naturally take care to avoid the occaſion of it.

ANACHARSIS.

I believe, Solon, I have ſeen thoſe tragedians and comedians, which you mention. The former have great heavy ſhoes half way up their legs, golden bindings on their coats, and have monſtrous ugly gaping heads. They talk uncommonly big out of the heads, and ſtalk about in the ſhoes with mighty ſtate. It was at the feaſt of Bacchus, I think, that I ſaw them. Your comedians were leſs elevated, made leſs noiſe, and walked and talked more like human creatures. But their [f] head-pieces were far more ridiculous, and they made the whole theatre laugh. The other lofty beings excited a general ſorrow; being pitied, I ſuppoſe, on

when Theſpis the ſtrolling player came to Athens, he would not ſuffer him to exhibit. Solon had the ſame opinion of tragedies that another diſcerning lawgiver had of Gulliver's Travels, which, he ſaid, "was a book full of improbable lies, and for his part, he hardly believed a word of it." Diogenes Laertius, p. 15. Pope's Works, vol. ix. p. 59.

[f] See the perſonæ in Sandby's Terence.

account

account of the heavy clogs, which ſo miſerably encumbered their legs.

SOLON.

The actors were not the objects of pity, my good Sir. The poet, I imagine, produced a detail of ſome ancient calamitous ſtory; and his mournful diction, aided by the actors, might well occaſion the ſhedding of many tears. Did not you ſee alſo ſome perſons playing upon flutes, and others ſtanding in a circle, and ſinging? Neither the ſinging nor the piping is without its uſe. By all ſuch things the mind is ſharpened and improved.—Our manner of exerciſing their bodies, which you ſeemed deſirous to know, is this: As ſoon as they are grown firm and ſtrong, we ſtrip off their clothes, and expoſe them fully to the weather; till every ſeaſon becomes indifferent, and they neither regard the heat of ſummer, nor the cold of winter. Then we ſupple their bodies with oil, which makes them more pliant and vigorous. For it were abſurd to ſuppoſe, that tanning, which is ſo uſeful to a dead hide, ſhould do no good to a living body. Then, by the invention

of

of a variety of exerciſes, for each of which we appoint a maſter, whether it be boxing, or whatever elſe, we accuſtom them to endure toil, we teach them to defy a blow, and be fearleſs of a wound. Hence ariſe two very great advantages: our young men enjoy perfect health and ſtrength, and, by never ſparing themſelves, acquire the greateſt contempt of danger. By being uſed to wreſtling, they learn to fall with ſafety, to get up readily, to puſh, to grapple, to twiſt, to ſqueeze, to lift their adverſary from the ground. Theſe things are of great uſe, but eſpecially in one principal circumſtance, that perſons trained in this manner become much ſtronger, and better able to endure hardſhip. Another advantage far from being inconſiderable is, that, having long been practiſed in peace, they are always expert in war. Such a man, being engaged with an enemy, will ſooner bring him to the ground; or, if he be down himſelf, will more eaſily get up again. In all theſe conteſts, Anacharſis, we have an eye to real engagements in war. And we cannot but be of opinion, that men prepared in this manner muſt diſtinguiſh themſelves in arms. Their naked bodies

bodies are made ſupple and active by oil and exerciſe; they are ſtout, and ſtrong, light, and dextrous, and fully prepared to over-power the enemy. You can eaſily conceive what they muſt be in arms, whoſe appearance, when naked, ſtrikes terror into an enemy; who are neither lumpiſhly fat, nor delicately lean; who exhibit not the appearance of women, that pine in the ſhade; who do not tremble, and ſweat, and pant under a helmet, though the ſun exert his meridian power. What would they be fit for, were they to be made uneaſy with thirſt, or grow faint with duſt? were they to ſwoon at the ſight of blood, and, before they are within reach of the enemy, fall down dead with fear? Our youths look as they ſhould do. Their ruddy cheeks are tempered by the rays of the ſun. They are full of life, and fire, and manly vigour. Having attained habitual health, being neither loaded with fat, nor withered with the want of it, their bodies are kept in proper order. All hurtful ſuperfluities are evaporated by ſweat, and nothing is retained but what contributes to ſtrength and activity. As the chaff is winnowed from the wheat, ſo we clear the

body of thoſe redundancies, which would deſtroy its health and vigour. Hence it is, that they have the beſt conſtitutions, and can bear the greateſt and moſt laſting labours; that they rarely ſweat, and are very ſeldom faint. To return to the winnower: if one ſhould ſet fire to wheat, ſtraw, and chaff; the ſtraw, I dare ſay, would be gone in a trice; but the corn itſelf would not take fire but by ſlow degrees, and without any blaze, requiring a conſiderable time to ſmother away, and be entirely conſumed. Thus a right conſtitution of body does not ſoon ſubmit to labour or diſeaſe. Where the inſide is in good order, and the outſide well fortified, neither heat nor cold can do harm. The ſuperabundant warmth of conſtitution, acquired by conſtant exerciſe, adminiſters ſuch occaſional ſupplies of vigour on any emergency, as are almoſt invincible. For previous toils and labours do not diminiſh, but increaſe the ſtrength, which is rouſed and excited by motion, like fire under embers. Beſides we ſo accuſtom our young men to running, that they are able not only to hold out through a long courſe; but, from their lightneſs and ſpeed, to perform it with

with the utmoſt expedition. They do not run upon hard firm ground, but in deep ſand, which ſinks under them every moment, and makes it very difficult for them to keep on their feet, where they ſlip at almoſt every ſtep. To improve them in leaping, we ſupply them with [g] leaden weights, which they hold in their hands, and attain ſuch a proficiency by practice, that they are not ſtopped by a ditch or any ſuch obſtacle, but fairly jump over it. They endeavour alſo to outdo one another in throwing the javelin. You ſaw in the Gymnaſium a round thing made of braſs, reſembling a ſmall ſhield, but without any handle or thongs. You tried the weight of it, as it lay before you, and thought it heavy and difficult to be laid hold of, by reaſon of its ſmoothneſs. They toſs that up into the air, or ſtraight forwards, as far as poſſible, every one endeavouring to go beyond all the reſt. This exerciſe ſtrengthens the ſhoulders, and gives a ſpring to their limbs. I proceed now to inform you what are the uſes of the duſt and clay, which you thought ſo

[g] Something like this may be ſeen in ſome parts of England.

ridiculous. In the firſt place a fall in the ſoft mud is not attended with danger. And then they become more ſlippery by ſweating in the mire. You may call this the conduct of an eel; but it is neither ridiculous nor uſeleſs. It conduces not a little to the ſtrength and pliableneſs of the muſcles; for they muſt of neceſſity lay faſt hold, or they have no chance of keeping one another from perpetually eſcaping the gripe. It is no eaſy matter to hold a man all over oil, and mud, and ſweat, flinging and toſſing himſelf on all ſides, to get out of your hands. All theſe things (as I told you before) are of vaſt uſe in war, either when you are to carry off a wounded friend from the field, or when you are to ſeize an enemy and bear him off in your arms. We therefore propoſe to them immoderate exerciſes; that, being uſed to overcome difficulties, they may not be daunted with ordinary occurrences. On the other hand, our reaſon for exerciſing them in the duſt is, to prevent ſlipping. For as by much practice in the mud they learn to hold faſt their antagoniſt, in ſpite of his aptitude to eſcape, in the ſand they learn to get away themſelves, when

they ſeem caught. The duſt receives and reſtrains the profuſe ſweat, occaſions their ſtrength to hold out, and prevents the evil conſequences of expoſing the open pores of the body to the wind. Beſides, it cleans the body, and clears the ſkin. I with I could ſet before you one of thoſe pale-looking creatures brought up in the ſhade, and any one of theſe exerciſed in the Lycæum; that, after waſhing off the duſt and mire, I might aſk you which of the two you would wiſh to reſemble. I know you would at firſt ſight, without any experience of either, determine, that the firmneſs and ſtrength of a good conſtitution is to be preferred to a delicate complexion, waſted and diſſolved in luxury, and pale from a ſcarcity of blood, which retires to the inward parts.—Such, Anacharſis, are the exerciſes, to which we accuſtom our youth, and by means of which we expect them to be the bulwarks of their country. Under ſuch protection we hope to live in liberty, and vanquiſh every enemy that ſhall dare to attack us. By ſuch means we ſhall be always formidable to the neighbouring nations, the greater part of which will be well contented to pay us tri-

bute. In peace alſo we experience the good effects of theſe games. Our young men enter into no vicious emulation: their leiſure being thus employed, they are not miſchievous for want of ſomething to do. The publick weal, the higheſt felicity of a ſtate, conſiſts (as I obſerved) in having the young men always ready to engage with alacrity in the moſt laudable purſuits, equally prepared for peace and war.

ANACHARSIS.

So, when the enemy approaches, you beſmear yourſelves well with oil, make yourſelves very dirty, and march out to box them! They doubtleſs run away in a terrible fright, not daring to open their mouths, leſt you ſhould daſh in handfuls of ſand; afraid of your jumping round them, getting upon their backs, twiſting your legs about them, and putting your elbows in their throats! They may ſhoot their arrows, and throw their darts, if they pleaſe: but they will make about as much impreſſion on men full of blood and well tanned by the ſun, as on ſo many ſtatues! You are not made of ſtraw, or chaff, to give way at the firſt onſet! Late, very late, and

and not till after many grievous wounds, will ye vouchſafe to loſe a little blood! Is not this what you mean? Or, perhaps, you will accoutre yourſelves in the panoply of your players, and go out to battle with gaping maſks, and frightful faces! And I ſuppoſe you will put on the high ſhoes, which will feel light, if you ſhould judge it proper to fly; and by the aſſiſtance of which you may make ſuch mighty ſtrides as cannot fail to bring you up with the enemy, if your buſineſs ſhould be to purſue!—To be ſerious, I would have you conſider, Solon, whether ſuch curious devices be any more than mere trifles, a ſuitable occupation for young men who have nothing to do, and are willing to enjoy their idleneſs. If you think of being free and happy in good earneſt, you ſtand in need of a different diſcipline, the real exerciſe of arms. You muſt not contend one with another in ſport; but muſt venture to face an enemy, where there is ſuch a thing as danger. You muſt give over your duſt and your oil, and teach your young men the uſe of the bow and the javelin, not putting into their hands ſuch light things as a puff of wind would blow away; let them have

a ſturdy lance that whizzes through the air, a ſwinging great ſtone, a ſword, a ſhield, a breaſt-plate, a helmet. As matters are managed at preſent, you muſt have been protected by the kindneſs of ſome good-natured divinity; or half a handful of light-armed ſoldiers would have done your buſineſs before now. If I ſhould draw this dagger from my belt, and ſingly attack your army of heroes, I warrant I ſhould ſoon make an end of their ſport. I ſhould be maſter of the field, while every one would fly helterſkelter, not being able to endure the ſight of a naked ſword. I ſhould laugh heartily to ſee them with tears in their eyes, and their knees knocking together, creeping for ſhelter behind ſtatues and pillars. They would not then look ſo ruddy, but would have the paleneſs of aſhes, the tint which fear beſtows. Indeed ſuch has been the effect of a profound peace, that I queſtion whether you could bear to behold the creſt of an adverſe helmet.

SOLON.

Nobody ever gave this account of us before; neither the Thracians who made war upon us under

under the command of Eumolpus, nor your Amazons with Hippolyta at their head, nor any who ſpoke from experience. For, my good Sir, though our young men are naked when they perform their exerciſe, we do not therefore expoſe them unarmed to the dangers of war: but, when they are perfect in theſe games, we then put arms into their hands, which they manage ſo much the better for having been thus prepared.

ANACHARSIS.

And where is this military ſchool of yours? I have ſeen nothing like it, though I have been all over the city.

SOLON.

If you ſtay any conſiderable time longer amongſt us, you will ſee that each of us has a variety of arms, to be uſed on occaſion. We have helmets, and horſes, and capariſons. About one fourth part of our whole number are horſemen. But in peace we can ſee no neceſſity for being always armed, and never being ſeen without an inſtrument of death. Accordingly any man

man who wears a ſword in the city, or goes armed in publick without cauſe, is liable to a penalty. You Scythians indeed are very excuſable, if you go armed all your lives. For, being without fortifications, you are not only expoſed to continual ſurpriſes and incurſions, but are always in a ſtate of warfare. For you can never be certain, that ſomebody or other will not fall upon you, while you are ſleeping in your waggon, and drag you out, and kill you. That mutual diſtruſt, which muſt be in a ſociety not reſtrained by laws, where all men live as they liſt, makes a ſword always neceſſary; for no one can tell how ſoon he may be attacked.

ANACHARSIS.

So, Sir, you think it idle to wear a ſword without abſolute neceſſity, and ſpare your arms, for fear of wearing them out with handling; laying them up againſt the time when they muſt be uſed. But you do not argue in this manner with regard to your young men. Without any ſufficient reaſon you waſte them with toil, you batter them with needleſs blows, you roll them in

in duſt and dirt, you diſſolve them in ſweat, to anſwer no purpoſe at all.

SOLON.

You ſeem, Anacharſis, to entertain the ſame notion of bodily ſtrength, as of wine, or water. You think it will evaporate by labour, as liquor does out of a jar, and leave nothing behind but a body empty and dry. But this is ſo far from being the caſe, that the more you draw off your ſtrength in exerciſe, the faſter it flows in; not unlike the Hydra in the Fable, which, as faſt as one head was cut off, had two ſprung up in its room. Indeed the feeble body, that has not been uſed to exerciſe, and has not ſubſtance to withſtand fatigue, may well be injured and waſted by labour: ſince the very ſame blaſt, that mends the fire, would infallibly blow out the candle.

ANACHARSIS.

I do not very well underſtand what you ſay: it requires a more cloſe attention, as well as a more acute diſcernment than I am maſter of. But I would gladly know the reaſon, that, neither

ther in the Olympian, nor Pythian, nor Iſthmian, nor other games, reſorted to by ſuch a vaſt concourſe of ſpectators, you exhibit no conteſt in arms; but only expoſe your naked champions to be kicked and beaten, rewarding the victorious with apples and olive boughs. This is very particular, and requires explanation.

SOLON.

We think, Anacharſis, that this method of proceeding will make our young men much more eager and fond of exerciſe, when they ſee thoſe who excel thus honoured, and their merits proclaimed before all Greece. Knowing before whom they are to appear undreſſed, they naturally provide the beſt ſtock of health and ſtrength, with whatever can make them worthy of victory, and ſave them from ſhame. And then our rewards, as I ſaid before, are not inconſiderable: to be applauded by all the ſpectators, to be the moſt diſtinguiſhed, to be pointed out as excelling all competitors, are prizes worth contending for. Hence it is that many of the ſpectators, who are of an age not unfit for thoſe exerciſes, depart from the place inflamed

flamed with the love of virtue and labour. This is of ſuch conſequence, O Anacharſis, that, were the love of glory baniſhed from the world, I know not what good would be left in it, nor where we ſhould find any effectual motive to a memorable action. From their great eagerneſs in contending naked for an apple, or a wreath of wild olive, you may imagine how they will behave with arms in their hands, fighting for the defence of their country, their religion, their wives and children. I wonder what you would ſay, if you were to behold the battles of our quails and [*b*] fighting cocks, and our great fondneſs for ſuch fights. You would ſurely laugh, eſpecially when you hear that all is according to law, and that our young men are obliged to be preſent, and behold theſe birds fight to the laſt extremity. Neither is this ſo ridiculous as you may imagine. By impercepti-

[*b*] Themiſtocles, having obſerved, that cocks are always ready to fight without any reaſon, recommended them to his army, as heroes well worthy of imitation. Of which having found the good effects, the Athenians, ever intent on improving the morals of their country, eſtabliſhed cock-fighting by law. Ælian, V. H. ii. c. 28. Perhaps every admirer of that elegant amuſement may not have read Ælian.

ble

ble degrees a contempt of danger takes poſſeſſion of the ſoul. No one would be thought to have leſs ſpirit and courage than a game-cock; and no one is unwilling to encounter wounds, labours, and difficulties. As to making trial of our youth in arms, and expoſing them to be wounded by one another, that would be acting the part of ſavages to all intents and purpoſes. Beſides, that it would be fooliſh to throw away in ſport the lives of our beſt men, who may be ſo much better employed againſt our enemies. You talk, Anacharſis, of viſiting the other parts of Greece. Pray remember, when you come to Sparta, not to laugh, nor think it labour in vain, when you ſee them beating one another about the theatre for a ball. The followers of Lycurgus and thoſe of Hercules go into a place ſurrounded with water, where, being ſtripped and drawn up like two armies, they fall upon each other and fight, till one or the other party is driven either out of the incloſure, or into the water. After which hoſtilities ceaſe, and peace enſues. What will you think, when you ſee them whipped at the altar, till they ſtream with blood; while their

their fathers and mothers look on without the leaſt ſymptom of any other concern than leſt they ſhould ſhrink; threatening, begging, and beſeeching them to bear their flogging as long as poſſible? Many have died of the ſtripes thus given them, ſcorning to ſurvive the ſhame of yielding to the laſh in the preſence of their relations. You will ſee ſtatues erected to their honour at the publick expence. Take care you entertain no ſuſpicions of their being mad, nor make any obſervations on their cauſing unneceſſary pain, when neither domeſtick tyrant nor foreign enemy gives them any occaſion. I dare ſay that Lycurgus, their lawgiver, could have alledged many plauſible arguments in defence of his inſtitution. He would have made it appear, that, being their friend, he could not intend any hoſtile oppreſſion, nor out of ill-will thus to waſte the riſing ſtrength of the ſtate; but that his deſign was, to make thoſe, who were to defend their country, ſuperior to every pain. And you may very well imagine, without conſulting Lycurgus, that ſuch a Spartan, when taken priſoner in war, and put to the torture, will not ſuffer one improper word

to

to eſcape him. He ſmiles at his tormentors, and, with invincible fortitude of mind, makes it difficult to judge, whether what he undergoes will firſt tire his enemy or himſelf.

ANACHARSIS.

Pray, Sir, was Lycurgus himſelf whipped in his youthful days? or did he produce this pretty invention of his at an age when he was too old to partake of the amuſement?

SOLON.

He made theſe laws when he was an old man, after his return from Crete. He had gone to reſide ſome time amongſt the Cretans, to have an opportunity of learning their excellent laws, of which Minos the ſon of Jupiter was the author.

ANACHARSIS.

I am amazed, Solon, that you do not imitate Lycurgus in this beating of the poor boys; which is ſo fine a thing, and ſo worthy of you.

SOLON.

The reaſon is, our own country exerciſes are ſufficient for our purpoſe, and we are not fond of copying foreign faſhions.

ANA-

ANACHARSIS.

That is not the thing. You cannot but be ſenſible of the abſurdity of ſcourging a poor naked object with his hands above his head, for no earthly advantage publick or private. If I ſhould travel to Sparta, and be there during the ſolemnity of ſuch proceedings, I muſt expect to be overwhelmed with a ſhower of ſtones. For who could forbear affronting a people, that whip their innocent children, like ſo many thieves or pickpockets? Really in my mind the city, that can ſuffer ſuch ridiculous cuſtoms, wants to be well purged with hellebore.

SOLON.

Do not think, Sir, that you have carried your cauſe, becauſe there is nobody here to contradict you. You will find that the Spartans can defend their own cuſtoms.—But now that I have finiſhed my account of our exerciſes, which you ſeem not very highly to reliſh, I hope you will indulge me in turn with an account of your manner of training up your

young men in Scythia, what exerciſes you have, and how you make them honeſt and brave.

ANACHARSIS.

It is but fair, Solon. I will certainly give you an account of our Scythian cuſtoms, which are not ſo reſpectable as to reſemble yours. For we are ſuch cowards, that we cannot bear a ſingle ſlap on the face—but, if you pleaſe, we will defer it till to-morrow, that I may conſider more at leiſure what I have heard, and bethink myſelf better of what I am to ſay. Let us go; for it is almoſt night.

ON

ON POETICAL INSPIRATION.

LYCINUS

AND

HESIOD.

ON POETICAL INSPIRATION.

LYCINUS.

THAT you are an admirable poet, and that your verſes as well as your laurel were given you by the Muſes, no man can doubt; ſince we have your own [*i*] word for it in thoſe ſublime and celeſtial poems. Yet that preface of yours might poſe one, where you talk of having been gifted with the precious faculty of verſe-making, that you might celebrate things paſt, and foretel things to come. The one of theſe indeed you have fully executed, going through the whole genealogy of the gods, as far back as Chaos, Earth, Heaven, and Love. You have ſung the praiſes of women, and the

[*i*] Heſ. Theog. xxx.

precepts of agriculture. Beſides a multitude of other things, you have let us into the ſecrets of the ſeven ſtars, have taught plowing and reaping, and told us the beſt time to ſet ſail. This part of your undertaking you have performed to a tittle. But as to the foretelling of future events, which would have been beyond compariſon more for the emolument of mankind, and much more like the munificent gods, concerning that you have been quite ſilent; you have not even made the leaſt attempt; leaving things entirely in the dark: ſo that your poetry in that reſpect has nothing of the merit of Calchas, Telephus, Polyidus, or Phineus. Theſe men never pretended to the good graces of the Muſes; yet they foretold abundance of events, and diſdained not to clear up the doubts of their humble ſupplicants. So that one of theſe three charges you cannot but admit. Either you told a lie, (begging your pardon) when you ſaid the Muſes had promiſed you the power of divination. Or, if they really did beſtow that faculty on you, you have invidiouſly concealed it, nor been of the leaſt uſe to thoſe who ſtand in need of it. Or elſe perhaps

perhaps you have written ſeveral poems on the ſubject, of which for ſome unknown reaſon you reſerve the publication to a future time. For I would not undertake to ſay, that the Muſes, after their double promiſe, have granted one half, and withheld the other. Eſpecially as the knowledge of future events was the firſt part of their inſpired declaration. However you are certainly the propereſt man to be conſulted in what relates to yourſelf. For it can never be diſagreeable to the gods, who ſo generouſly beſtow what they have, for you their friends and diſciples to diſpel our doubts, and tell us the whole truth of what you know.

HESIOD.

It would be very eaſy, Sir, to ſtop your mouth, by obſerving to you, that nothing in my poems is to be placed to my account, but to that of the Muſes. Your way therefore would be, to go to the fountain-head, and demand of them their reaſons for ſaying and not ſaying certain things. As to what proceeded more immediately from my own ſtock of knowledge, which pertains to the driving, feeding,

milking, and management of cattle, I am ready, as it becomes me, to give the beſt account I can of it. But the Muſes give no other reaſon than their own will and pleaſure for beſtowing their favours on whom and to what degree they think fit. However you ſhall not complain of a poet's want of apology. Though I cannot allow that our works ought to have their every ſyllable ſifted with ſuch perfect minuteneſs. If, in the heat of his career, ſomething eſcape the poet's judgment, you ſhould not be over-rigid to examine; but conſider, that, for the ſake of meaſure and harmony in our numbers, we are forced to ſay many things, which we do not entirely mean. There are certain modes of expreſſion, which we cannot avoid giving into, to keep up the ſmoothneſs of verſification. But you would wantonly rob us of what we poets prize above all, the flights of fancy, and the indulgence of our invention. You wilfully paſs over the numberleſs beauties of our compoſitions, and cavil for ever at exceptions, delighted with finding fault. But you are not the only carping critick, nor I the only bard abuſed. My brother Homer has fallen into

into the hands of not a few induſtrious to diſcover blemiſhes in his admirable poems. But, if it be neceſſary to wave theſe general remarks, and come more particularly to the point, I ſhall only beg the favour of you, good Sir, to read over my Works and Days. In that poem you cannot fail to find abundant tokens of the divine prophetick muſe, foretelling the ſucceſs of ſeaſonable labours, and pointing out the future puniſhment of negligence.

[*k*] Untimely tillage ſcarce thy baſket fills.

I have ſhewn at large the proſperous events that ſkilful huſbandmen may fairly expect; which certainly is a kind of divination the moſt uſeful of any.

LYCINUS.

Indeed, dread Sir, this ſilly manner of defending yourſelf looks as if it really was ſome goddeſs who gave you your verſes. But, as to ſuch predictions as you mention, we could have made them ourſelves, without the help of either you or your Muſes. When poets and pierians fall a propheſying, they ſhould propheſy

[*k*] Heſiod's Works and Days, ii. ver. 100.

like themſelves. But there is not a farmer living, who cannot tell that plenty of rain will produce a plentiful crop, and that, when the fields are burnt up with long drought, there will infallibly be a ſcarcity. Every one knows, that the middle of ſummer is not the ſeaſon for plowing, and that ſowing requires care; that corn is not to be reaped whilſt it is green, becauſe it then contains nothing of uſe. We can gueſs too without a prophet, that the ſeed ſhould be well harrowed in, to ſave it from the crows. Theſe rules are founded on reaſon, and are undoubtedly very juſt. But then they are not to be conſidered as any branch of the prophetick art, which is employed in diſcovering what is obſcure, and beyond the reach of mere man. For inſtance, to foretel to Minos, that his ſon would be choaked in a tub of honey [*l*], to explain the cauſe of Apollo's anger, and predict the ten years ſiege of Troy: there was prophecy, if you pleaſe. But, if what you mention is to be deemed ſuch, then I too am a prophet, as well as you. Without one drop of Caſtalian dew, without either lau-

[*l*] Hom. Il. i. ver. 93. and ii. ver. 300 to 332.

rel

rel or Delphick tripod, I will undertake to ſay, that, if a man goes out naked in the ſharp air amidſt rain or hail, he will aſſuredly be ſeized with a cold fit of an ague; and, what is more wonderful ſtill, a hot fit will ſucceed: beſides a multitude of other things, which it would be idle to mention. But, if you will be ruled by me, drop ſuch ſilly pretenſions, and ſtick to what you firſt ſet out with. Say that your verſes were not of your own production, but that you wrote under the influence of ſomething divine; which was however not entirely to be relied on, ſince it made good one half of its promiſe, and neglected the other half.

THE

The COUNCIL of the GODS [m].

JUPITER, MERCURY, and MOMUS.

[b] This council of the gods is in the ſtyle and manner of the Athenian aſſemblies. The ſeveral offices of Jupiter, Neptune, Apollo, &c. mentioned in the preamble of the decree, could not be exactly rendered into Engliſh in ſo many words. Whoever would know more of the nature of an aſſembly at Athens, may take the pains to read the ΕΚΚΛΗΣΙΑΣΟΥΣΑΙ of Ariſtophanes.

The COUNCIL of the GODS.

JUPITER.

FOR the future, ye gods, let me have none of your whiſpering, running into corners, laying your heads together, and muttering againſt ſeveral that you think ought to be kicked out of the company: but, ſince a council has been ſummoned, let every one declare his ſentiments openly aad above-board, blaming whatever is blame-worthy. Do you, Mercury, make proclamation according to law.

MERCURY.

All manner of perſons are hereby commanded to keep ſilence! If any of the old eſtabliſhed gods chooſes to ſpeak to the queſtion concerning upſtarts and intruders, let him come forth, and he ſhall be heard!

MOMUS.

MOMUS.

I ſhall offer a few words, Jupiter, with your leave.

JUPITER.

Pr'ythee do not aſk any more leave: you are allowed to ſpeak by proclamation.

MOMUS.

I ſay then, that I think ſome here are very much in the wrong, who, of men being made gods, are not contented to have the privilege to themſelves; but nothing leſs will ſerve their turn than admitting pages and attendants to the ſame honour. I beg, Jupiter, that I may not be under any reſtraint; for that would prevent my ſpeaking at all. And every body knows how free I am of my tongue, and how unwilling to keep it ſtill, when any thing is amiſs. I am uſed to ſcrutinize every action openly, and ſpeak my mind without favour or affection, without fear or dread. For which reaſon moſt people conſider me as a very troubleſome fellow, and call me the common informer. However, ſince it is allowed by law,

and

and by proclamation, and by you, Jupiter, I will freely ſpeak my mind without reſerve. I ſay then, that there are many, who, not ſatisfied with being admitted themſelves into our ſociety and to a ſhare of our good living, though but half divine: have notwithſtanding introduced into Heaven their ſervants and aſſociate revellers, and had them enrolled in the number of gods; ſo that they partake of the ſacrifices, and have an equal ſhare of the good cheer; though not one of them has paid for being made free of the company.

JUPITER.

Do not you go about the buſh, Momus; but ſpeak out plainly and diſtinctly, and name names. You have expreſſed yourſelf in ſuch a manner, as to raiſe various ſuſpicions amongſt us one of another; which is enough to ſet us all together by the ears. But a free ſpeaker ſhould not ſcruple to declare himſelf in the moſt particular manner.

MOMUS.

I am heartily glad, Jupiter, that you are for plainneſs of ſpeech. That is greatly and

royally ſaid. So have amongſt you! For I will not ſpare your names. In the firſt place then, there is that good gentleman Bacchus, ſo far from being a complete god, that he is but half a Greek; the grandſon of one Cadmus, a Phœnician vagabond. What a life he has led ſince his coming among us, I need not mention; as every body muſt have obſerved his foppiſh bonnet, his drunkenneſs, and his gait. No one can be ignorant what a diſſolute mad being he is, never ſober from the moment he wakes! Yet this fellow has brought amongſt us his whole fraternity, his whole band of buffoons, Pan, Silenus, and the Satyrs; a number of monſtrous, ugly, dancing, goatiſh boors! Pan has horns, being half a goat, which he very much reſembles in the length of his beard. Silenus is a flat-noſed, bald-pated old fellow, a Lydian by nation, who generally rides upon an aſs. The Satyrs have ſharp-pointed ears, are bald, and have little horns like thoſe of a kid. Theſe laſt are Phrygians. They have all of them tails. And is not this elegant ſociety? No wonder mortals laugh at ſuch reſpectable divinities! I do not mention the two women.

He has placed the crown of his miſtreſs Ariadne amongſt the conſtellations; nor has he neglected the daughter of Icarius, the [n] ploughman. But, what is beſt of all, he has alſo introduced into Heaven Erigone's lap-dog, leſt the poor girl ſhould grow melancholy for the loſs of her companion. Are not theſe very pretty doings? You allow all this, I hope, to be ſcandalous, mad, and ridiculous. But you ſhall hear more.

JUPITER.

I ſee which way the game is going. But not a word about Æſculapius or Hercules, I beſeech you. The former is a phyſician [o], one worth many; and my ſon Hercules, I am ſure, has dearly bought his immortality. So not a ſyllable againſt them! do you hear?

MOMUS.

For your ſake, Jupiter, I forbear; though I could ſay a word or two. To be ſure they

[n] This ploughman firſt taught the uſe of wine. The reader will determine, whether he was worth mentioning in a note.

[o] Hom. Il. xi. ver. 514.

do ſtill retain the marks of the [p] fire; but that is neither here nor there.—I wiſh I might once be permitted to ſpeak of Jupiter himſelf.

JUPITER.

You are permitted. You do not pretend to make an alien of me?

MOMUS.

They ſay ſomething like it in Crete, where there is a ſepulchre which they ſhew, calling it Jupiter's. But I believe them as little as I do the Ægienſes, who inſiſt upon it, that you are not of the true breed. I ſhall only take the liberty of obſerving a few things in you, that are not quite ſo becoming. You yourſelf were the firſt promoter of theſe diſorders. You have filled our aſſembly with baſtards, viſiting the ſtrumpets of mortality in all manner of ſhapes. We have ſometimes been in dreadful apprehenſions, leſt ſome pious votary ſhould lay hold of you in the diſguiſe of a bull, and ſacrifice you to Jupiter. When you aſſumed the appearance of gold, we were afraid of your fal-

[p] Æſculapius was knocked down by a thunderbolt, and Hercules died on a funeral pile.

ling

ling into a crucible; after which all that remained of the mighty Jove might have been worn as a necklace, a bracelet, or an ear-ring. Indeed it is a great ſhame, I muſt needs ſay, for you thus to fill Heaven with demigods. What muſt any one think to hear of Hercules being deified? while Euryſtheus, who ſet him to work, is dead and buried! Near to the temple of Hercules the ſervant, is the grave of Euryſtheus his maſter! Then again at Thebes Bacchus is made a god! while his couſins Pentheus, Actæon, and Learchus, are the verieſt wretches of all mortal men. But truly, ſince you ſet the faſhion of loving fleſh and blood, all the reſt do the ſame: not only the gods, the filthy he-creatures, but the delicate goddeſſes too muſt copy their righteous pattern. All the world have heard of other intrigues beſides thoſe of Anchiſes, [q] Tithonus, Endymion, and Jaſiones [r].

JUPITER.

Pry'thee, Momus, ſay nothing about Ganymede. I ſhall take it very ill, if you up-

[q] Virg. Æn. iv. 585.
[r] Hom. Odyſſ. v. 125.

braid him with his family, and make the poor boy fret.

MOMUS.

I ſuppoſe too that I am to make no mention of the eagle, which has been advanced into heaven, is perched upon the imperial ſceptre, and goes near to neſtle on thy awful head, in all the pomp of divinity! But we muſt be ſilent on this ſubject alſo, for the ſake of Ganymede. But pray tell me, Jupiter, whence came Attis, and Corybas, and Sabazius? Then there is Mithres, the Mede; he neither dreſſes nor ſpeaks like a Greek. I do not think he would underſtand you, if you were to drink to him. The Scythians and Getæ, ſeeing this method of proceeding, have fairly given your ſupremacy the ſlip, and make their gods among themſelves, juſt as they like; by which means Zamolxis the ſlave has been deified, ſneaking in amongſt us I know not how. All this however, ye gods, is ſtill tolerable. But who art thou, O Egyptian [s] dog's face, adorned with this

[s] See the Abbé Pluche's Hiſtoire du Ciel. The common account is, that the rebellion of the giants occaſioned the gods to quit their habitations in a fright, and fly into Ægypt, where they made beaſts of themſelves.

fine

fine linen? will thy barking prove thee a god? And what has that ſpotted Memphian bull to do with oracles and prieſts? I am aſhamed to mention the ibis, the ape, the goat, and other divinities ſtill more ridiculous, which have got out of Ægypt, and are ſo ſtrangely ſtuffed into Heaven. How can ye bear, ye gods, to ſee ſuch intruders put upon an equal footing with, nay honoured more than, yourſelves? Pray, Jupiter, how do you like the ram's horns on your head?

JUPITER.

You tell ſtrange ſtories of the Ægyptians, I confeſs. But they contain myſteries, not to be ridiculed by the profane.

MOMUS.

One has need of myſteries, to be ſure, to diſcern that gods are gods, and dogs faces dogs faces!

JUPITER.

Say no more about the Ægyptians at preſent. We will ſettle that affair another time, when we have leiſure. Now proceed to the reſt.

MOMUS.

There is Trophonius; and (what is more provoking) there is Amphilochus, who, being the ſon of an abominable matricide, utters oracles in Cilicia, deals in a thouſand lies, and ſells witchcraft in ſmall quantities. So that Apollo is out of repute. Every ſtone, and every altar, is now an oracle, provided it be ſprinkled with oil, and crowned with garlands, and attended by a juggler, which laſt may be had any where. The ſtatue of Polydamas the wreſtler cures fevers in Olympia, as that of Theagenes does in Thaſus. Hector is treated with ſacrifices in Ilium, and Proteſilaus over-againſt him in Cherſoneſus. And, now that we are ſo ſcandalouſly multiplied, perjury and ſacrilege have increaſed in proportion; and all reaſonable beings hold us in contempt. So much for baſtards and impoſtors. But when I hear many ſtrange names of things which are not here, and cannot be any where elſe, I am ready to burſt. Where is this celebrated *Virtue*, and *Nature*, and *Fate*, and *Fortune*, to be found? a pack of idle names invented

vented by a ſet of blockheads, who call themſelves philoſophers! which though no more than fictions to ſerve a turn, yet ſo effectually have they perverted the minds of weak people, that no man living thinks any longer of ſacrificing to us; being fully perſuaded, that millions of hecatombs offered to us would ſignify nothing, and that Fortune will infallibly bring about whatever the Fates have originally decreed. I ſhould be glad to know, Jupiter, if ever you ſaw any ſuch perſons as *Virtue*, or *Nature*, or *Fate*; which you muſt ſo often have heard of, unleſs you are ſo deaf, that you cannot even hear the clamours of philoſophy? I had a great deal more to ſay; but I will conclude. For I ſee I have ſweated a good many here, who would be glad to ſilence my enquiries with a hiſs. For a concluſion therefore, if you like it, Jupiter, I will read you a decree, which I have drawn up concerning them.

JUPITER.

Read it. I find there are many things, which require being looked into, and the ſooner the better.

THE

THE DECREE.

"May Fortune favour!"

A council being called according to law, on the ſeventh day of this month, Jupiter preſided, aſſiſted by Apollo and Neptune; Momus was nocturnal ſecretary, and the god of ſleep recited.

Foraſmuch as many ſtrangers, not only Greeks, but Barbarians, by no means fit company for us, have, I know not how, obtained the name of gods, and, being enrolled of our order, have filled up the ſeats of Heaven; ſo that our good fellowſhip is diſturbed by the noiſe, riot, and gibberiſh of the ſcum of the earth; ſo that ambroſia begins to fail, and nectar is already raiſed to a [r] mina the half-pint, on account of the great demand: and whereas they have had the impudence to puſh the true veteran gods out of their places, and ſeat themſelves before them, contrary to all rule and order, and venture to arrogate to themſelves the higheſt honours from mortals on earth; May it pleaſe the ſenate and people, that an aſ-

[r] 3*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.*

ſembly

ſembly be held in Olympus about the winter ſolſtice, and ſeven genuine gods be choſen to take cognizance of the affair, three of the ancient council of Saturn, and four of the twelve, Jupiter being one; who, before they ſit in judgment, ſhall ſolemnly ſwear by Styx, as the law requires. After which, let Mercury make proclamation, and bring before them all who demand a place here, provided with reſponſible witneſſes, and certificates of their family. Then let them be heard one after another; and the judges, having carefully enquired into their ſeveral pretenſions, will either publickly pronounce them gods, or ſend them down to their graves, to lodge with their anceſtors. And, if any one thus diſproved and rejected by the judges, ſhall be caught afterwards intruding into heaven, let him be toſſed immediately to hell head foremoſt. And, for the future, let every one mind his own buſineſs. Let not Minerva be dabbling in phyſick, nor Æſculapius pretend to propheſy. Apollo is not to meddle with ſo many things at once; but muſt reſolve on ſticking entirely to either his fortune-telling, his harp, or his quackery. As for the philoſophers,

ſophers, let them be forbidden any longer to invent new-fangled names, or pretend to talk of what they know nothing about. Whoever has unfairly obtained a temple, and been divinely honoured on falſe pretences, let his ſtatue be pulled down, and that of Jupiter, or Juno, or Apollo, or ſome other, be ſet up in the place. For ſuch deceivers let the city provide a ſepulchre, and give them a grave-ſtone inſtead of an altar. Whoever ſhall diſregard the proclamation, and refuſe to take his trial, let him be condemned unheard. Such is the decree.

JUPITER.

And it is moſt juſt. Let every one, who approves of it, hold up his hand! or rather let it be ratified without farther ceremony! For I know a great many will have no ſtomach to it. Now you may go for the preſent. But when Mercury ſhall ſummon you, take care to come, and bring every one his proper teſtimonials, ſetting forth the name of his father and mother, as well as his tribe and fraternity, where

where he was born, and why he was made a god. Whoever ſhall not thus appear, and anſwer for himſelf in a ſatisfactory manner, will no longer be thought any thing in heaven, though he have a ſuperb temple on earth, and be there deemed a mighty divinity.

THE

THE CYNICK[o].

[o] St. Chryſoſtom is ſaid to have converted this dialogue into a homily.

The CYNICK and LYCINUS.

LYCINUS.

IN the name of wonder, why this appearance? Long hair, an enormous beard, but not one inch of coat [p]! almoſt naked, no ſhoes! Upon my word, Sir, you ſeem to be a ſort of ſtrolling bear, except that you are ſo cruel to your own body. You are never out of your way, I fancy. The hard ground does very well for a bed. But really you uſe that old cloak ſcandalouſly, in expoſing it ſo to all the dirt and naſtineſs you can pick up. Though, I muſt confeſs, it is none of the fineſt, and in its beſt ſtate could make no very flaſhy appearance.

[p] Γυμνοδερχῆ here can only mean, that the ſkin appeared through certain apertures in the dreſs. A man quite naked would hardly be reproached with his rags.

CYNICK.

I ſhould be ſorry, if it did. Whatever is eaſieſt to be got, and gives leaſt trouble when one has it, is the thing for me. Pray do not you look upon luxury as a vice?

LYCINUS.

Certainly.

CYNICK.

And is not frugality a virtue?

LYCINUS.

Surely.

CYNICK.

How comes it then, that you pretend to find fault with my ſimplicity, and paſs over other mens extravagance?

LYCINUS.

Simplicity do you call it? To me it appears the laſt degree of comfortleſs poverty! For you live no better than the beggar, who ſeeks his daily bread from door to door.

CYNICK.

CYNICK.

Since you go to that, ſuppoſe we fairly diſcuſs what is poverty, and what is not?

LYCINUS.

With all my heart.

CYNICK.

Will you allow that to be a ſufficiency, which extends to the whole of a man's wants?

LYCINUS.

Yes.

CYNICK.

And is not that poverty, which falls ſhort of a man's wants?

LYCINUS.

Yes.

CYNICK.

But that is by no means the caſe with me, for I have not one neceſſary unſupplied.

LYCINUS.

How can that be?

CYNICK.

Very well. As you will allow, if you only conſider to what end every thing wanted is deſigned; as, for example, that a houſe is intended to ſhelter us.

LYCINUS.

Well.

CYNICK.

And a garment, is not that too for ſhelter?

LYCINUS.

Yes.

CYNICK.

And pray to what purpoſe does a man require ſhelter? is it not for the good of what is ſheltered?

LYCINUS.

Truly I think ſo.

CYNICK.

CYNICK.

Do you think my feet the worſe for want of it?

LYCINUS.

I cannot tell.

CYNICK.

But you may ſoon know. What is the office of feet?

LYCINUS.

Walking.

CYNICK.

And do not you think, that my feet are as fit for that purpoſe as thoſe of another?

LYCINUS.

Poſſibly they may.

CYNICK.

Well, let them be better or worſe, do not you think they perform their office?

LYCINUS.

Perhaps they may.

CYNICK.

If they do that, my feet are as good as another's.

LYCINUS.

Well.

CYNICK.

Then what do you ſay to my body? am I worſe provided than others in that reſpect? If my body were a bad one, it would be a weak one. For the perfection of the body conſiſts in ſtrength. Is mine weak?

LYCINUS.

I cannot ſay that it ſeems ſo.

CYNICK.

Neither my feet, nor any part of my body is in want of covering. If ſo, I ſhould feel it. For any want unſatisfied creates a degree of wretchedneſs. But my body does not appear to want any nouriſhment, though it be ſupported in this accidental manner, by whatever falls in my way.

LYCI-

LYCINUS.

I do not ſee that it does.

CYNICK.

If I were badly fed, I ſhould not be ſo ſtrong; for bad victuals impair the body.

LYCINUS.

True.

CYNICK.

How then, I pray, can you talk at the rate you have done, degrading me, and undervaluing my way of living?

LYCINUS.

Becauſe, notwithſtanding that your adored Nature and the gods have ſet this world before us, and have been ſuch generous providers, that not only our neceſſities, but our pleaſures have been conſulted; yet you are utterly thrown out of your ſhare of moſt things, and partake of little more than a beaſt does. For you drink water, as a beaſt does; you make a meal of whatever you find, as a dog does; you ſleep

upon the ground, as a dog does. You have a cloak indeed, but it is ſuch as a beggar would hardly ſtoop to pick up. If there be wiſdom in being contented with ſuch a condition as yours, I am ſure there was no wiſdom in the gods, when they provided us ſheep, and wool, and oil, and honey, and a profuſion of good wine, beſides the infinite variety of other things; in giving us eatables of every kind, in regaling us with ſuch excellent liquor, in furniſhing our pockets with money and our beds with down, in beſtowing upon us fine houſes, and wonderfully preventing almoſt every wiſh. Our elegancies are indeed the immediate effect of human art: but it is from heaven that we have that art. Now it is a moſt wretched thing to be deprived of the comforts of life by another man, as a priſoner is. But to deprive one's ſelf of them, is downright madneſs, and nothing elſe.

CYNICK.

You reaſon well. But hear me. If, when a great man gives a ſumptuous treat to a vaſt number of gueſts of all kinds, any one of them ſhould

ſhould take it into his head to ſeize and devour whatever he can lay his hands on, making a jumble the moſt fatal to his conſtitution, and ſhould take as much pains to cram one belly as would be ſufficient for twenty; pray what would you ſay of ſuch a man? you could not call him conſiderate.

LYCINUS.

No, to be ſure.

CYNICK.

Does he act wiſely?

LYCINUS.

No.

CYNICK.

But the gueſt, who, not tempted with the vaſt variety of diſhes, decently eats a moderate quantity of the one thing next to him, without a wiſhful eye to the reſt, is certainly a wiſer and better man than the other.

LYCINUS.

Certainly.

CYNICK.

CYNICK.

Do you gueſs what I am bringing out? or muſt I be more explicit?

LYCINUS.

Explain, pr'ythee.

CYNICK.

The gods are thoſe munificent hoſts, who provide all things of every kind in the greateſt plenty; that every man, let him be ſick or well, ſtrong or weak, may have what is ſuitable to him: and not that all men ſhould have all things at once, but only what is beſt adapted to the particular caſe of each. You are the rapacious gueſt, who, never being ſatisfied, would have all the proviſions to himſelf. You claim every thing as your property, in the ſea, on the land, in the air. Not contented with the pleaſures that may be had at home, you import from the remoteſt corners of the world the materials of luxury; always preferring foreign to domeſtick enjoyments, expence to moderation, things got with difficulty to things procured

procured with eaſe; in ſhort, always preferring hurry and vexation to quiet and content. It is by much miſery and ſorrow, that you obtain theſe precious bleſſed abundant privileges. Gold and ſilver ſo deſirable, fine houſes, fine clothes and furniture, and all their coſtly conſequences, with what trouble and fatigue, what danger, what blood, ſlaughter, and deſtruction, are they procured! For the ſake of your dear money how many lives are loſt at ſea! how many evils attend the purſuit! what animoſities, quarrels, and aſſaſſinations, does it produce! friend is oppoſed to friend, the ſon to the father, the wife to her huſband! for gold [*u*] Eriphyle betrayed her huſband! And yet whoever found any extraordinary warmth in an embroidered coat? does the gilded cieling make the houſe more ſecure? does the ſilver cup improve the liquor? does the golden or ivory bedſtead render ſleep the ſweeter? I fancy you may often find the bleſſed incumbent reſtleſs on down, ſleepleſs in a bed of ſtate. And all the trouble-

[*u*] Concidit auguris
Argivi domus, ob lucrum
Demerſa exitio. Hor. lib. iii. Ode 16.

ſome

ſome variety, the expenſive elegance of eating, does but deſtroy the ſtrength, and engender diſeaſes. It would be endleſs to enumerate the pains and plagues of love, ariſing from the exceſs of a paſſion, which might eaſily be regulated, if the rage of luxury were reſtrained. All this madneſs falls ſhort of the preſent ſyſtem of manners. The natural uſe of things in general is as much perverted, as when a bed is turned into a chariot.

LYCINUS.

Who does that?

CYNICK.

You, who uſe men as beaſts of burden. You loll at your eaſe in your litters on their ſhoulders. You drive them this way or that way, like aſſes: and in this conſiſts your felicity. There is a certain fiſh, which you are not contented to uſe merely for food, as nature intended; but you make a purple die of it.

LYCINUS.

Surely there is no perverſion of nature in that, ſince it is fit for both purpoſes.

CYNICK.

CYNICK.

Nature never meant it for a die. You might poſſibly uſe a cup as a jar: but it was not made for that. But there is no ſuch thing as reckoning up one half of the calamities which men bring upon themſelves. And yet you blame me for avoiding them. I, like the moderate man at the feaſt, am ſatisfied with what my ſituation offers; I aim at no variety nor abundance dearly bought, but enjoy what is eaſily obtained. Since therefore my wants are few, and my deſires ſoon ſatisfied, you think I live like a beaſt! at this rate what will you ſay of the gods, who have no wants at all? But the better to comprehend the diſtinction between having many wants and few, be pleaſed to conſider, that the leſs perfect your condition is, the more are your wants: children have more wants than grown perſons, women than men, ſick than well. The gods, being perfect, want nothing; and, the nearer any one approaches to the divine nature, the fewer his wants. Can you ſuppoſe that [w] Hercules, that divine

[w] Hercules was the favourite god of the Cynicks. "He

divine man, who roamed over the world with no other dreſs than a lion's ſkin—can you ſuppoſe that he wandered in miſery and want? Could he be miſerable, who removed the miſery of others; or poor, who was maſter by ſea and land? Whatever he undertook he always accompliſhed; nor did he ever find his equal, much leſs his ſuperior, while he remained in the number of men. You do not imagine, that it was for want of ſhoes to his feet, or clothes to his back, that ſo diſtinguiſhed a man wandered about the world. It was becauſe he was temperate and brave, and loved conqueſt, and contemned luxury. What do you think of Theſeus, his diſciple? was he not king of all the Athenians, the ſon of Neptune, as they ſay, and the greateſt hero of his age? Yet it was his choice to go naked and barefooted, and to cheriſh the hairs on his head and beard, as was the general taſte of antiquity. For our anceſtors were not like their degenerate ſons, and

" He was pointed out by the ancient Heathens, as their " great exemplar of virtue. The idea of virtue with them " conſiſted chiefly in ſeeking and undergoing fatigues with " ſteadineſs and patience." Polymetis, p. 114.

would

would as ſoon have followed the preſent faſhion, as a lion would ſubmit to be ſhaved. Softneſs and ſmoothneſs and delicacy of ſkin, in their opinion, beſt became women: they, who were men, choſe to appear ſo, and regarded their beard as their honour, which nature as much intended to be the diſtinguiſhing ornament of a man, as a mane to adorn a horſe, or his ſhaggy chin the lion. Thoſe ancients would I emulate, thoſe ancients I long to equal! But truly I have no ſtomach for the ſplendid miſery of the moderns; nor do I envy them their coſtly tables, or their fine clothes. Indeed they take wonderful pains to poliſh and ſmooth the whole body, not ſuffering even the moſt hidden part to eſcape as ſimple nature intended it! For my part, I ſhould not be ſorry to have feet like thoſe of a horſe, as, they ſay, Chiron had. I wiſh to want covering as little as a lion does; and to live on cheap food, as the happy dogs do. May a clod of earth ſuffice for my pillow! may I conſider the whole world as my home! may my ſuſtenance be ſuch as falls in my way! as to gold and ſilver, may neither I nor any of my friends ever deſire them, the infernal cauſe

cauſe of every evil, the conſtant ſource of ſedition, war, treachery, and ſlaughter! may I learn to wiſh for no more than enough; and, if I have leſs, let me bear it patiently! Such are my ſentiments, very different from thoſe of the vulgar. It is not therefore at all to be wondered at, that my appearance and manner of life ſhould be ſo very different, when my purpoſes are ſo. I am amazed how you can ever conceive it right, for a harper, or a piper, or a player, to be diſtinguiſhed by his dreſs; but that the figure and garb of a man of virtue ſhould be preciſely the ſame with that of the raſcally multitude. But, if the good are to be diſtinguiſhed by a peculiar habit, what can become them more than this of mine, which is ſo directly the reverſe of foppery? To be rough and dirty, to wear a ragged cloak, to let my hair grow its own way, and to go without ſhoes, is my habit. Yours reſembles that of an infamous proſtitute to unnatural paſſion; and I defy any of them to go beyond you in the modiſh colour, the tawdry finery, the variety of your habiliments, the ſpruceneſs of your ſhoes, or the preparation and adjuſtment of your

your perfumed hair. Your ſimilarity of ſcent ſerves to claſs you with thoſe vile wretches. And is this worthy of any thing called man? You are as little fit for the enduring of labour as they are, and as much abandoned to pleaſure. You eat as delicately as they; you ſleep, you walk, in the ſame manner. Nay, you ſcarcely condeſcend to walk at all, but muſt be carried, like ſo many knapſacks, ſome by cattle, and others by men. My feet are ſufficient to convey me whitherſoever I think proper. I bear the heat and cold with unconcern, nor ever make my condition worſe than it is, by murmuring at providence. You, who are ſo happy forſooth, are never ſatisfied, but always finding fault. You are always impatient of your preſent circumſtances, which you perpetually deſire to change. In winter you long for ſummer, and in ſummer for winter. When the weather is cold, you wiſh it hot; and, when it is hot, you wiſh it cold. You are never pleaſed, but always peeviſh and complaining. You are ſplenetick, and ſick of a ſurfeit. [a] What is the

[a] Something like this ſeems intended by the original paſſage, which Joannes Jenſius has had the courage to own himſelf

the moſt extraordinary is, that, being the wretches you are, whoſe whole lives are governed by faſhion and folly, you are conſtantly endeavouring to make others as miſerable as yourſelves. You are not unlike thoſe borne down by a torrent: they go with the ſtream, and you are hurried on by your paſſions. A certain man, having mounted a mad horſe, found himſelf unable either to ſtop him, or to alight. Somebody chanced to meet him, and aſked, whither he was going. "Juſt whither he thinks proper," anſwered he, nodding his head at the horſe. If one ſhould put the ſame queſtion to you, you muſt, if you ſpeak truth, anſwer in general, that you go whitherſoever your paſſions happen to hurry you. Or, to be particular, you muſt ſay, your pleaſure, your ambition, your avarice, your anger, your fear, or ſome other ſubſtantial motive of the ſame kind. For, not contented with one, you ride many mad horſes by turns; while this carries you one way, and that another. You gallop furiouſly into pits

himſelf puzzled with. "Where you are ignorant, you ſhould confeſs you are ignorant," ſaid Swift to Sheridan, vol. xii. p. 131.

and

and over precipices; and never dream of a fall, till you are fairly down. But this old tattered cloak, that you are ſo merry upon, this hair, and this figure, have ſo much virtue in them, that I live perfectly quiet, do as I will, and keep what company I like. The ignorant and illiterate are diſguſted with my appearance. The foppiſh and effeminate never come near me. My chief companions are men of good manners, modeſty, and virtue; for it is ſuch that I love. I never knock at the gates of the great; I laugh at their coronets, their purple, their pride, and themſelves. How can you think of ridiculing this habit, which is not only the ornament of good men, but even of the very gods? Look at their images, and tell me which of us they moſt reſemble, you or me. If you examine, you will find, that, not only in the Grecian temples, but alſo amongſt Barbarians, the gods are repreſented with hair and beards as I am, and not ſhaved like you. You will obſerve alſo, that many of them have no more coat than I have. How then could you think of debaſing the habit, which becomes the gods?

*** It is eaſier to know how than when to write or tranſcribe a note. "Hard words," as Dr. Johnſon teaches, "are only hard to thoſe who underſtand them not;" and books, we know, are made of words. But let not the learned be angry. What is uſeleſs to them may not be impertinent to others. There was once a time, when their taſte was leſs faſtidious. Amongſt readers of inferior attainments, if there ſhould chance to be one with juſt the ſame ſhare of underſtanding and knowledge, neither more nor leſs than what ſerved to produce this tranſlation and theſe notes, he may here have the pleaſure of being flattered with the contemplation of kindred ideas. He will ſee, that the book might have been much better, and will be able to point out the effects ſometimes of inattention, ſometimes of inability. Yet his ſympathy will not perſecute, becauſe his judgment cannot praiſe.

NOS HÆC NOVIMUS ESSE NIHIL.

THE END.